THE SIXTH DAY

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FADE IN ON:

IMPRESSIONISTIC IMAGES.

A laboratory. Sleek high tech equipment. Scientists examine readouts. A SHEET DRAPED BODY on a gurney is wheeled up to an odd futuristic machine.

As the sheet is slowly pulled back from the body, it slips from the body's head, revealing a...

FEATURELESS FACE.

No facial structure, eyes white, no eyebrows.

Spooky.

The lifeless body slides into a tube, nestled in the heart of a machine.

CLOSE ON A LASER - It glows brightly, and begins to pulse.

The laser beam hits the body. The body begins to convulse.

ON THE FACE - as the skin begins to bubble and melt, slowly taking form. Hair pushes through the skin.

Twitching. Moaning. Hands squeeze into tight fists.

Sharp facial features emerge and pupils form. The eyes stare up at us. Hard. Unblinking.

DISSOLVE TO:

A WHITE SCREEN. A dark figure moves behind the mist. HOLD ON SHOT. Steam clouds our view. A beat then...

A MAN'S WET HAND swipes through the frame, clearing off a portion of a bathroom mirror. The man's face appears. Meet ADAM GIBSON. He's athletic with a strong face. Right now, it needs a shave. We realize we are in...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Adam stands before the mirror, wet, a towel around his waist. He takes a look at himself in the mirror. A hard look.

In walks NATALIE GIBSON, a dark-eyed beauty. She's half-dressed for work and in a rush.

ADAM
Do I look different to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Natalie barely looks at him.

NATALIE
You shaved your mustache.

ADAM
I never had a mustache.

NATALIE
Then, no.

She pushes a button on the bathroom mirror, and a WHOOSH of air instantly dries Adam and defogs the bathroom.

We now see digital read-outs of vital personal and household statistics continually scrolling along the mirror's margin. The day's schedule, stock portfolio tracking, sports scores, a grocery list...

Adam ignores the read-out and continues to study himself in the mirror.

ADAM
I don't feel any different.

Natalie brushes her hair and puts on her earrings.

NATALIE
Did you feed the dog yet?

ADAM
You don't look any different. In fact, you look better than the day I met you.

Natalie stops and looks at Adam, touched.

NATALIE
If you're trying to get your present early, it worked.

She opens a drawer and pulls out a WRAPPED PACKAGE.

NATALIE
Happy birthday, honey.

He smiles, surprised. She hands it to him, and he unwraps it quickly revealing...a CIGAR BOX.

Adam looks to Natalie, is it really what he hopes it is? He lifts the lid...

CONTINUED: (2)

Inside the box, we see a tired old CIGAR BUTT and a ZIPPO LIGHTER.

Adam's incredulous, speechless. He picks up the cigar butt reverently. Smells it.

NATALIE
You like it?

ADAM
How'd you get it?

NATALIE
I found it a couple months ago when I cleaned out the attic. Must be ancient. Might be a little stale.

Adam pops the cigar in his mouth. Savors the taste.

ADAM
We could get arrested for this.

NATALIE
I know.

Natalie grabs the cigar from his mouth, drops it back into the box, and puts it back in the drawer.

NATALIE
You can smoke it tonight. In the garage. After Clara goes to bed.

Adam grabs Natalie and pulls her close.

ADAM
You know how cigars make me feel.

She smiles. They almost kiss...

CLARA
Happy birthday!

Their daughter CLARA (8, precocious) bounds in the room followed by OLIVER, the Gibson's messy Old English Sheepdog.

Without breaking stride, Clara jumps up on Adam's back. Adam winces, groans.

NATALIE
Honey, get down. You're getting too old for that.

CONTINUED: (3)

CLARA
I am not.

NATALIE
I meant your father.

ADAM
Very funny.

Clara jumps down. Adam straightens his stiff back.

CLARA
Come on, dad. I made you breakfast.

Adam exchanges a look with Natalie.. Uh-oh.

INT. GIBSON HOME, KITCHEN - MORNING

Adam sits at the table, spooning soggy kids cereal into his mouth. Clara watches him, excited. He takes a big bite and smiles at her, feigning that it tastes good.

ADAM
Mmmm. What a good breakfast.

In the background, a commercial plays...

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN (B.G.)

A puppy runs into a street. A car BRAKES, SWERVES, SKIDS. Too late. Cutaway...WHAM! We hear a kid SCREAM.

A folksy REPET SPOKESMAN appears on the television screen.

REPET SPOKESMAN
Lost a four-legged loved one lately? Come to RePet where we eliminate life's little tragedies. Genetically regenerate your beloved family pet and have it back in your home the same day. Zero defects, guaranteed. Your child will never know the difference.

It cuts to a happy little boy hugging his good-as-new puppy.

Clara grabs two bananas off the table and holds them up for her dad. One banana is slightly orange.

CLARA
You want nacho-flavored or regular?

CONTINUED:

ADAM
Banana-flavored, thanks.

Adam takes the regular yellow banana.

CLARA
Dad, can I have a Sim-Pal for your birthday?

ADAM
You want a present on my birthday?

CLARA
That way you won't feel guilty that you're the only one getting something.

ADAM
What's a sim pal?

CLARA
A life-size doll. A simulated friend that grows real hair and can do a lot of stuff.

ADAM
Can't your real friends grow real hair and do a lot of stuff?

CLARA
Yeah, but they all have Sim-Pals.

ADAM
Ask your mother.

CLARA
You're the greatest, dad!

Clara hugs Adam and runs out the door. Adam watches her go then quickly moves to the sink and dumps his bowl of cereal.

He goes to the refrigerator which is covered with drawings and photos. Adam notices one and pulls it off the door.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO

It's the Gibson's on a tropical beach. Adam looks tan and years younger.

CONTINUED:

Adam studies the photo, then flexes his left biceps. Not bad. He puts the photo back, then opens the refrigerator.

CLARA
Mom! Dad! Come quick!

Alarmed, he rushes into...

INT. GIBSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

... to find Clara and Natalie standing over Oliver who's lying listlessly on the sofa.

CLARA
Oliver barfed on the couch.

Adam goes to the couch. Sees the barf.

ADAM
That's OK. We'll just never sit there again.

CLARA
Is he okay?

Adam pets Oliver who's lethargic and panting.

ADAM
He probably just ate something that didn't agree with him. Probably something nacho-flavored.

Natalie studies Oliver, grows concerned.

NATALIE
I think he's really sick.

ADAM
Should I take him to the vet?

NATALIE
You're car pooling with Hank. I'll take him. C'mere, you poor boy.

ADAM
You sure?

NATALIE
You're flying that trillionaire today, right? You can't be late for that.

CONTINUED:

ADAM
I guess.

Natalie takes Oliver by the collar. Clara watches, worried.

NATALIE
Come on, Clara. Time to go.

Adam leans down and gives his little girl a kiss.

ADAM
Don't worry, honey. He'll be fine.

EXT. GIBSON HOME DAY

Quiet neighborhood in the suburbs. Adam exits his house and heads toward the car, idling at curbside.

INT. HANK'S CAR - DAY

In the driver's seat is Adam's friend, HANK MORGAN, a disheveled bachelor. Adam climbs in, and Hank immediately notices Adam's cut himself shaving, evidenced by tissue paper stuck to his chin.

HANK
You know, they invented something called the Laser Razor. Doesn't cut, nick, or scratch.

ADAM
I like the old razors. They remind me I'm alive.

Hank keys in a destination on the computerized navigational dashboard console. A beat, then the car announces...

CAR VOICE
Destination confirmed. Snowshoe Commuter Airport. ETA 46.2 minutes. Have a safe drive.

The car automatically pulls away from the curb and drives itself down the street.

(Note: The cars of the future look the same as today, but they all come with global positioning navigational systems. Self-driving is still possible but rarely ever done.)

CONTINUED:

HANK
So, how 'bout drinks after work?

ADAM
Come on. I know Natalie's throwing me a surprise party.

HANK
What makes you say that?

ADAM
I told her you told me.

HANK
You didn't! I'm a dead man.

ADAM
(laughs)
Don't worry. I didn't, but I had to know. Now, I do.

HANK
I can't believe I was so easy.

Adam pops a pill from a small bottle of ASPIRIN.

HANK
Bad headache?

ADAM
Just the usual. So what's the plan? You take me for drinks after work, you bring me home a little late...

HANK
...and then you'd better act totally surprised. I can't have your wife mad at me. She'll set me up with one of her girlfriends again...

EXT. SNOWSHOE COMMUTER AIRPORT - DAY

Small airport nestled at the base of the snowy mountains. Private planes and Whispercrafts are parked on the tarmac. Hank parks, and they head toward a trailer.

HANK
I was gonna get you a virtual girl for your birthday, but Natalie would never speak to me again.

CONTINUED:

ADAM
You and your virtual girls. A grown man, and your primary relationship is with a piece of software.

HANK
Hey, if all your senses tell you you got a beautiful woman on your lap, no need to look any further...she's there, buddy.

They reach the trailer where a small group of extreme SNOWBOARDERS are comparing scars.

SNOWBOARDER
This one I got over-rotating at The Drop. Took 'em two hours to chop me out. Compound fracture.

His compadre TRIPP (22, Greenpeace posterboy) lifts his shirt.

TRIPP
That's nothing. Check this out. Broke two ribs, punctured a lung doing junk at Torrey's Peak.

HANK
You snowboarders are pussies. I got a bigger one than that. Hey, Adam, show 'em your scar.

Adam rolls his eyes, then reluctantly lifts the hair on the back of his head revealing...

A NASTY SCAR at the base of his hairline.

HANK
Shot in the head. Rain Forest Wars.

The SNOWBOARDERS are impressed.

SNOWBOARDERS
Nice zipper./That's a winner.

Hank and Adam head up the trailer steps.

ADAM
Why're you always doing that?

CONTINUED: (2)

HANK
You almost got your head blown off. You might as well use it to impress people.

They enter the trailer. The sign hanging on the door reads:

Double-X Charter...The X-treme X-press

INT. DOUBLE-X OFFICE - DAY

Adam and Hank enter. Hank immediately goes to the coffee station to get a cup of joe.

ADAM
Rosie? What are you doing?

ROSIE, the 23 year old receptionist, applies makeup behind her desk.

ROSIE
You're flying the richest man in the world up the ski slope today and you've got to ask?

ADAM
Last time I checked Michael Drucker was married.

ROSIE
So?

A MAN in an impeccable three-piece suit, steps out of the side office. He looks like a Secret Service Agent.

BODYGUARD
Mr. Gibson?

ADAM
Yes?

BODYGUARD
I'm with Mr. Drucker's advance team. Could I have a word?

INT. SIDE OFFICE - DAY

The Bodyguard motions for Adam to sit.

ADAM
What's up?

CONTINUED:

BODYGUARD
As you know, Mr. Drucker is an important business man, and the business he conducts is often quite sensitive. On the way up the slope, you may overhear portions of his telephone calls. It would be detrimental to Mr. Drucker's business if any of that information got out.

ADAM
I understand.

BODYGUARD
I'm sure your word is your bond, but our lawyers would be more comfortable if you'd sign this non-disclosure form.

Adam checks over the letter.

BODYGUARD (cont'd)
It's a standard form.

Adam picks up a pen to sign.

BODYGUARD
One more thing. I need to check your vision and blood-alcohol level. It's just routine.

ADAM
Who's he think he is, the President?

BODYGUARD
Mr. Drucker considers the President the second most important person in the world.

INT. DOUBLE-X OFFICE - DAY

Adam emerges from the room, rubbing his eye.

HANK
What was that all about?

ADAM
They wanted me to bend over and cough.

ROSIE
Adam... your wife's on line one.

CONTINUED:

Adam crosses to the vid-phone, punches a button.

NATALIE's solemn face APPEARS in the MINI-DIGITAL SCREEN.

ADAM
Hey, babe. What's up?

NATALIE
I just talked to the vet. They had to put Oliver to sleep.

Adam's face falls.

ADAM
What? They can't do that.

NATALIE
It's the law. He had some kind of highly infectious canine virus.

That alarms Adam.

ADAM
Clara... She played with him all the time. He slept in her bed.

NATALIE
Don't worry. I asked the same thing. The virus is harmless to humans.

ADAM
(relieved)
Thank God. Poor Clara, this'll break her heart.

NATALIE
No it won't. You're gonna go to RePet and get Oliver replaced.

ADAM
What? And have some freak of science licking my daughter's face? No way. Oliver can live on in our memories.

NATALIE
She's only eight. She won't understand.

ADAM
She's gonna have to learn about death someday. It's the natural process of life.

CONTINUED:

NATALIE
OK. Well while you're at it, why don't you tell her all about rapists and serial killers too?

ADAM
That's not fair.

NATALIE
Come on. If you go to RePet, we'll have Oliver back tonight. The Vet says it easy. They make all the arrangements.

ADAM
OK, and while we're at it, let's bring your mother back, and maybe she can bring back her first husband.

NATALIE
I swear, Adam. Sometimes you're hard to love.

The screen goes black.

ADAM (cont'd)
Natalie... Natalie...

Hank shakes his head.

HANK
You had to make a crack about the mother.

EXT. SNOWSHOE COMMUTER AIRPORT, TARMAC - DAY

Talking on a headset, Adam watches Hank's Whispercraft land.

HANK
(on the headset)
I agree with Natalie. Everyone's doing it.

ADAM
Not me.

HANK
Hey, it's your birthday. You want your kid up all night crying because her dog died? Where's your heart?.

CONTINUED:

The whispercraft blades rotate to a stop. Hank jumps out, and he takes off his helmet. Adam lifts his mouthpiece, and they head back to the Double-X trailer together.

ADAM
Don't you think it's even a little bit creepy?

HANK
It's not like Pet Sematary. I mean, these RePet animals, they come back, you can't tell the difference. Trust me. I had it done.

ADAM
Bullshit.

HANK
Really. Sadie my cat.

ADAM
(laughs)
You cloned your cat?

Hank shrugs, a little embarrassed.

HANK
She was a good cat. Just had trouble with spatial relations... Fell out my condo window.

ADAM
Did she at least hit the pool?

HANK
No.

ADAM
Ouch.

HANK
Yeah...

ADAM
I didn't know you were sentimental.

HANK
Neither did I. But boy, did I miss that cat.

ADAM
You really can't tell the difference?

CONTINUED: (2)

HANK
Nope. Still drinks out of the toilet and eats Captain Crunch with me every morning. Zero defects, buddy. Just like the ad says.

They reach the Double-X trailer and head up the steps.

HANK
Too bad cloning humans is illegal. We could bring back someone important. Like Einstein. Or Elvis.

ADAM
You're sick, you know that?

HANK
Just go down to RePet and check it out. What's it gonna hurt?

Adam considers that.

ADAM
All I wanted to do tonight was smoke my cigar. Now, my wife hates me. My daughter's gonna hate me.

HANK
So, be a man. Knuckle under.

ADAM
Thanks for your advice.

Just then, a BLACK LIMOUSINE and two white VANS pass through the airport gates. Adam and Hank see the caravan coming.

HANK
Your date's here.

INT. DOUBLE-X OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Adam stands in front of his locker. Inside, we notice he has extra work shirts, pants, and boots. Hank watches Adam shrug on his flight jacket.

HANK
Tell you what. Since it's your birthday, I'll take Drucker up. Grab a cab to RePet.

ADAM
I'm already cleared, remember?

CONTINUED:

Hank grabs Adam's pilot's helmet. Puts it on. "A. GIBSON" is stenciled across the front.

HANK
So now I'm you.

Adam studies Hank. Indeed, you can't see his face through the tinted helmet visor.

ADAM
Suck in your gut.

Hank does. But Adam shakes his head, no.

ADAM
You need to join a gym.

Hank takes off the helmet.

HANK
Come on. It's not like we're gonna kiss or anything.

ADAM
You just want the tip.

HANK
We both know rich people don't tip. That's why they're rich.

Adam shoots him a "Give me a break" look.

HANK
Okay, tell you what... if he tips, I'll split it with you. I'd just hate to be you when you come home tonight without that dog.

Adam thinks about it. He's not looking forward to it.

EXT. SNOWSHOE COMMUTER AIRPORT, TARMAC - MOMENTS LATER

Carrying snowboarding gear, the BODYGUARD and an ASSISTANT escort trillionaire MICHAEL DRUCKER (45) to the whispercraft. If Ted Turner and Richard Branson had a baby, it'd grow up to be Michael Drucker. Drucker's fit, arrogant, and reckless. But the shocking thing is WE RECOGNIZE HIS FACE FROM THE OPENING SCENE!

DRUCKER
Remind the Senator just who it was who bought the state primary for him last year.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DRUCKER (cont'd)
And then tell him he'd better damn well be there when I need him.

ASSISTANT
The Honorary Judge Nguyen wants to know what the meeting is about.

DRUCKER
Tell him it's about his future.

They arrive at the thrumming whispercraft. Inside, the pilot waits. The bodyguard hands Drucker a safety helmet.

BODYGUARD
We've got people stationed every three-hundred yards on the mountain in case you --

DRUCKER
-- Get 'em out of my way.

Drucker ignores the helmet and dons a baseball cap instead.

INT. WHISPERCRAFT - DAY

Drucker and the bodyguard climb in. Drucker looks to the pilot.

DRUCKER
Let's go.

The pilot nods, revs the motor, and lifts off. We now realize HANK's subbing in for Adam. We can't see his face clearly, but we know it's him.

EXT. WOODLAND MALL - DAY

Adam steps out of a cab, and it pulls away.

INT. WOODLAND MALL - DAY

SHOPPERS crowd this multilevel mass of consumerism. Adam walks along the promenade and finally comes to RePet.

A storefront TELEVISION loops a commercial for PASSERSBY.

REPET SPOKESMAN
Dog? Cat? Iguana? Have your beloved family pet back home today. Zero defects, guaranteed.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPET SPOKESMAN (cont'd)
Free groom and flea treatment included. Immunizations are extra...

As Adam enters the store, but he's stopped by a picketing ZEALOT who shoves a flyer into his hands.

ZEALOT
Save your soul, man. God doesn't want you to go in there.

ADAM
Then God shouldn't have killed my dog.

Adam pushes past the zealot and enters the store.

INT. REPET STORE - DAY

The store is filled with KIDS and ADULTS, filling out forms and standing in lines. Adam watches multiple televisions which play infomercials on each phase of the cloning process.

REPET SPOKESMAN
It all begins with the growing of "blanks," animal drones stripped of all characteristic DNA, in accelera-tion tanks at the RePet factory.

On the SCREEN, we see a 360°-view of a motionless dog with colorless eyes and fur growing in an embryonic tank.

REPET SPOKESMAN
In stage two, your pet's DNA is extracted from a lock of fur or drop of blood and then infused on a cellular level into the blank.

On the screen, a laser blasts down hard on the blank dog.

The massive cellular infusion commences. In a rippling effect, the blank's cells absorb the new DNA, and its eyes and hair color instantly change.

REPET SPOKESMAN
In the final stage, using RePet's patented cerebral syncording process, all of your pet's thoughts, memories, and instincts are painlessly transplanted via the optic nerve.

Finally, a WHITE LASER passes over the dog's eye. A beat, then the dog BLINKS.

CONTINUED:

REPET SPOKESMAN
And voila...Rover.

The dog BARKS on cue, then runs to his master.

REPET SPOKESMAN
It's as simple as that. Here are some before-and-after cases. Can you tell the difference?

Several impressive before-and-after cases flash across the screen. Dogs, cats, snakes, hamsters. Indeed, you cannot tell the difference between the real pets and the clones.

Adam watches the screen, amazed.

SALESMAN
Still can't make up your mind?

Adam turns and finds a RePet SALESMAN standing behind him. This guy's a pro. A career salesman. He's sold cars, shoes, televisions; now, he sells clones.

SALESMAN
You lost a dog, right?

ADAM
Sheepdog. My daughter's.

SALESMAN
What a heartbreak. What'd you say his name was?

ADAM
Oliver.

SALESMAN
Well Oliver's in luck, because this week we're having a special. 20% off. Tell me something? Has Oliver been cerebrally syncorded lately?

ADAM
Not that I know of.

SALESMAN
Oh. Well, when did Oliver die?

ADAM
Sometime this morning.

CONTINUED: (2)

SALESMAN
Perfect. You can still do a postmortem syncording. It costs a little extra, but you could have Oliver back in your daughter's arms tonight. But you gotta act fast, cuz there's only a 12-hour window on a deceased brain, assuming it's intact.

That stops Adam.

ADAM
You know what? This is all just a little too weird for me.

SALESMAN
I know what you're thinking. Pod people pets. Stepford animals...

ADAM
Frankenstein's monster.

SALESMAN
RePets aren't like that. They know all the tricks you've taught them. They remember where they've buried their bones. In fact, they're the exact same animals they once were. Heck, they don't even know they're clones.

Adam smirks.

ADAM
My friend wants to clone Elvis. And Einstein.

The salesman laughs.

SALESMAN
If it were legal someone might try. But the human brain's much too complicated to be syncorded.

Out of the corner of his eye, Adam notices something across the Promenade

A TOY STORE.

The toy store window displays several life-size Barbie-like robot dolls. The advertisement reads, "SIM-PAL. THE BEST FRIEND MONEY CAN BUY!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALESMAN
So whaddaya say? You in?

ADAM
I'll think about...

As he leaves, he turns back to the salesman.

ADAM
I might be back.

The salesman watches Adam head toward the toy store.

SALESMAN
(to himself)
Damn sim-pals.

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

Adam eyes the row of Sim-Pals. He bends down at looks at one with dark-brown hair. Its eyes open and "she" looks up at Adam.

SIM-PAL
I'm sim-pal Cindy. What's your name?

ADAM
Adam.

SIM-PAL
Hi Adam. I just know we'll be friends. I bet we have a lot in common. Do you like games?

ADAM
No, but my daughter does.

The sim-pal giggles.

SIM-PAL
Then I can't wait to meet her.

AT CHECKOUT -

Adam finishes paying for the sim-pal.

TOYSTORE SALESWOMAN
Your daughter will think you're the greatest dad in the world. You know, my niece has two. She takes them everywhere.

CONTINUED:

ADAM
It won't make up for her dog, but I just couldn't get one of those cloned animals. They give me the willies.

TOYSTORE SALESWOMAN
That's because they've got no soul. Only God can do that...

Adam nods in agreement, picks up the sim-pal and heads out the store.

INT. BEER.COM BREWERY - DAY

Adam makes his way to a bar equipped with biometric drink stations which look like futuristic nickelodeon machines.

He sets down the Sim-Pal and flags down the BARTENDER.

ADAM
Excuse me... I was supposed to meet a guy here. He's about my height. Brown hair. Talks a lot. I'm a little late and thought maybe you'd seen him?

LADY BARTENDER
I just started my shift.

A BAR PATRON signals to the Bartender.

BAR PATRON
Hey, barkeep. I need to reload.

LADY BARTENDER
Brain-stim again?

BAR PATRON
Yeah. Gin and tonic. Easy on the tonic this time.

The bartender punches a code into the drink station, and the bar patron leans into the headset. It glows for a moment as his brain is "drink" stimulated. A beat, then the bar patron sits back, more inebriated.

ADAM
How can you stand drinking that way?

BAR PATRON
Saves the wear and tear on my liver, my old lady can't smell it on my breath, and I never have to get up to take a leak.

CONTINUED:

ADAM
You call that living?

Adam checks his watch, then looks to the bartender.

ADAM
Well, if someone shows up looking for me, tell him I went home.

LADY BARTENDER
Sure thing, big guy... Hey don't forget your date.

Date? Adam realizes... the Sim-Pal.

ADAM
It's for my daughter.

LADY BARTENDER
Whatever you say.

He exits.

INT. COMMUTER BUS, MOVING - NIGHT

Holding the SIM-PAL, Adam rides in a SELF_DRIVE bus full of COMMUTERS. He rehearses how he's going to break the bad news to Clara.

ADAM
I'm sorry, Clara, but Oliver's dead.

He cringes at himself. Too abrupt.

ADAM
Oliver was very sick and had to be put down.

That's worse... People are staring at him. He looks out into the darkness.

EXT. GIBSON HOME - NIGHT

Carrying the SIM-PAL, Adam continues rehearsing as he makes his way up the driveway.

ADAM
Clara, sweetie, honey, Oliver had to go to Heaven.
(mimics Clara)
"What's Heaven, daddy?"
(himself)
It's a really beautiful place.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ADAM (cont'd)
(mimics Clara)
"Why can't I go there too?"
(himself)
Shit Oliver, why'd you have to die?

Just then, a loud BARKING interrupts. Adam stops; he recognizes that bark. Adam goes to the fence and peers over.

In the backyard, we see that OLIVER IS ALIVE AND KICKING! The RePet Oliver bounds over to Adam, excited. Adam backs away from the gate, seething.

ADAM
Natalie...

Adam heads to the front door, determined. As he storms up to the front steps, he hears a chorus of...

VOICES
Happy Birthday to you...

Confused, Adam hurries to the front window and peers in.

FROM HIS POV

We see Natalie, Clara and all of Adam's FRIENDS and NEIGHBORS standing in the living room around a birthday cake, singing "Happy Birthday" to...

A CLONE OF ADAM. Wearing a brand new Aloha party shirt, the clone looks and acts like our Adam in every way. Every mannerism. Every little nuance.

PARTIERS
Happy Birthday, dear Adam. Happy Birthday to you!

CLARA
Make a wish! Make a wish, dad!

Outside, Adam's face drops, shocked and horrified. Unable to move, Adam watches the surreal moment in slo-mo and MOS.

FROM ADAM'S POV

The clone blows out the candles. Clara helps him. POOF! The candles go out, and everyone CHEERS. The clone kisses Natalie and hugs Clara.

BACK TO SCENE

It's as if Adam's just been gut-punched. He finally gathers himself and reaches for the front door but is stopped by...

MAN'S VOICE
Adam Gibson.

Adam whips around to find a man, a corn-fed bruiser in a business suit, step out of the shadows. This is VINCENT.

ADAM
Who're you?

A woman also wearing a suit steps in behind Adam. This is TALIA (26), a petite and muscular ballbuster.

TALIA
Come with us, please.

ADAM
What the hell's going on here?

VINCENT
Just cooperate, and everything will be fine.

ADAM
"Fine"?
(points to the window)
Someone's in my house, eating my birthday cake with my family...and it's not me.

TALIA
We know. We're here to help.

ADAM
Then, get him out of there.

VINCENT
It's a little more complicated than that.

Now, Adam notices a modern SUV parked at the curb.

TALIA
Listen. There's been a Sixth Day violation. A human was cloned. That human was you.

CONTINUED:

ADAM
That's impossible.

VINCENT
Trust us. It's not.

Adam looks back inside the window. Sees himself.

ADAM
Why me?

TALIA
That's what we're trying to figure out, but we need you to come with us and explain a few things.

Adam still doesn't move.

VINCENT
Please. Just come with us.

Vincent tries to take Adam by the arm, but Adam pulls away.

ADAM
I don't know who the hell you people are, but I'm going inside my house.

Adam turns to go into his house but is stopped by...WHAM! Vincent slams the butt of his GUN down hard on the back of Adam's head. Adam drops, out cold.

VINCENT
No, you're not.

Vincent points his gun to Adam's head, but Talia stops him.

TALIA
Not here.

They both look inside the front window. In the living room, the partiers rage oblivious. Talia grabs one of Adam's arms.

TALIA
Get the doll.

Vincent scoops up the SIM-PAL, then grabs Adam's other arm. They drag Adam down the front walk toward the SUV.

ON ADAM as he's dragged...he comes to. He watches groggily as his life slips away from him...his house getting

CONTINUED:

farther and farther away. He looks toward the SUV.

The SUV door opens, revealing two more MEN:

WILEY (23). A wild-eyed and unpredictable carnivore, and...

MARSHALL, the paragon of cold efficiency. He checks his watch.

MARSHALL
All right. Let's hurry up. I got a dinner meeting.

ON ADAM

He knows this is it. In one swift motion, Adam yanks Talia down, grabs her hand, and FIRES her gun into the SUV...FOOOSH!

Talia jerks her gun away. The blast goes wide. The gun shot is not loud. Rather it is a quiet burst of pure antimatter energy which blows a smoldering hole through the SUV's side window.

Wiley returns FIRE at Adam...FOOOSH!

On instinct, Adam yanks the SIM-PAL into the path of the gunfire. It catches the BLAST square in its chest. It SQUEALS in simulated pain.

Adam throws the screaming doll at Wiley, then races across the lawn.

Talia chases Adam with gunfire. FOOOSH! FOOOSH! FOOOSH! But Adam disappears behind the house.

Wiley tosses the smoldering, SQUEALING doll into the SUV and slams the door on it, then they all fan out in pursuit.

INT. GIBSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The music is playing at party level. The celebration is in full swing. Natalie hands the clone Adam a beer.

NATALIE
Were you really surprised?

CLONE
Didn't I look surprised?

NATALIE
Hank told you, didn't he?

CONTINUED:

The clone smiles, swigs his beer. Natalie scans the room.

NATALIE
Where is Hank anyway?

EXT. GIBSON HOME, GARAGE - NIGHT

Vincent shines a laser flashlight through a dirty window. Inside the garage is a minivan and an antique HUMMER parked on a low service ramp. Wiley admires it.

WILEY
Look at that thing. Wonder if it still runs.

Suddenly, Oliver lunges at the back yard fence, ferociously BARKING at the intruder. Wiley recoils.

WILEY
Piece of shit dog. Shut up!

He points his gun at Oliver, starts squeezing the trigger...

BOOM! The garage door EXPLODES as the Hummer CRASHES through it and down the driveway.

Wiley spins and turns his gun on the Hummer, raking it with gunfire as it accelerates past them. Vincent races after it...firing. The passenger side window shatters.

INT. GIBSON HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Now, the PARTIERS all stop upon hearing the commotion outside. Natalie exchanges a worried look with the clone.

NATALIE
What was that?

EXT. GIBSON HOME, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The Hummer accelerates BACKWARDS down the driveway. Talia races across the yard, intercepting the vehicle in the middle of the driveway.

As the Hummer zips past, Talia flings herself at the car...and grabs hold. She pulls herself through the broken passenger door window...

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Talia falls into the passenger seat, and instantly, her gun is pressed to Adam's temple.

TALIA
Stop the car!

Adam glances in his rearview mirror, then...

ADAM
OK.

He GUNS the gas.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE GIBSON HOME - NIGHT

The Hummer charges into the street and PLOWS right into a parked car, totaling it.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

The impact of the crash knocks Talia hard into the dashboard. Her GUN flies out of her hand and skids across the car floor.

Talia sees her gun, goes for it... but Adam slams on the gas, shoving her back. Adam and Talia scramble for the gun as Adam tries to drive away.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Talia lunges for the gun but Adam reaches it first and points the weapon at her.

ADAM
Don't even blink!

She freezes. But in his rearview mirror, Adam sees the SUV approaching.

ADAM
Shit.

Holding the gun on Talia, he jams the gas again.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Wiley, Marshall, and Vincent are intent.

WILEY
Car chase. Pretty cool, huh?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

The Hummer speeds around a corner of the suburban street, SCREECHING, sliding, then whips past us! We hold a moment, then WHOOSH...the SUV zips past in pursuit.

EXT. GIBSON HOME - NIGHT

The clone Adam, Natalie, and the other partiers rush out the front door and survey the wreckage.

NATALIE
Oh my God...

CLONE
Some punk stole my car.

NATALIE
The new van?

CLONE
No. My Hummer.

NATALIE
Who'd want that old piece of junk? It doesn't even have a Nav-System.

CLONE
Thanks honey. I'm gonna call the cops.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Adam drives on adrenaline, living a nightmare. He glances in the rearview mirror. The SUV is gaining on him. He turns to Talia, presses the gun into her throat.

ADAM
Who are you people?

Talia smiles.

TALIA
Shoot me. I'm not afraid to die.

She swings at Adam...but he catches her punch.

ADAM
Oh yeah? Are you afraid of pain?

Adam SQUEEZES her fist...hard. Talia winces. It hurts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM
Who...are...you?

Adam SQUEEZES harder. We can almost hear her bones breaking. Talia reluctantly relents, grimacing in pain.

TALIA
I was hired to kill you. That's all I know.

Adam's eyes dart to the rearview mirror, then back to Talia.

ADAM
Why was I replaced?

TALIA
They thought you were dead.

ADAM
Dead? Why?

TALIA
It was a mistake.

ADAM
Why kill me? Why not the clone?

TALIA
Don't you get it? He got home first. You saw him; he didn't see you. You're screwed. He's gonna live out the rest of your boring little life and never be the wiser.

Adam loses it. He shoves the gun to her forehead.

ADAM
I want my family back.

TALIA
You make contact with your family, and they'll all be killed.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Marshall pulls alongside the Hummer. Wiley grins maniacally, rolls down his window, aims his HIGH-TECH VERSION OF A SHOTGUN at Adam's head, squeezes the trigger...

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

FOOOSH! Just as Wiley fires, Adam ducks. The tracer blows through the window and slams into Talia, leaving a gaping cauterized hole where her neck used to be and blowing out the door behind her. Her body tumbles out of the Hummer.

Adam pulls the wheel hard to the left.

EXT. SUBURBAN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SUV automatically drops back as the Hummer cuts it off.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Adam is a car-length ahead now.

CAR VOICE
Safety override. Please be aware of road rage.

MARSHALL
Dammit, Wiley!

WILEY
He ducked.

MARSHALL
Blow his tires out.

Wiley unbuckles his safety harness and leans out his window.

CAR VOICE
Please secure passenger seat safety harness. Please secure passenger...

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Adam looks to the rearview mirror. In it, Adam can see Wiley with most of his body hanging out of the SUV taking aim...

Adam's foot SLAMS on the BRAKE!

EXT. HUMMER TIRES - NIGHT

The tires SCREECH, smoking, skidding as the Hummer slows.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

CAR VOICE
Obstacle ahead. Safety override.

The SUV, too, brakes, but not in time.

EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

The SUV shoots right into the Hummer, throwing Wiley from the vehicle. He lands in front of the Hummer which can't swerve and runs him over. The SUV, right behind, runs him over too.

WILEY
AAAAAAaaaaaaaaaaah!

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Adam watches the SUV skid to a halt. He hits the gas.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Pissed, Marshall hits the accelerator. Vincent unbuckles his belt, and leans out the window.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Hummer slews right and heads toward a construction barricade with warning lights that leads to a mountain road.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Adam over his shoulder. Coming around the corner, the SUV is right on his ass.

Adam looks ahead. The barricade right in front. No where else to go. He HAMMERS the Hummer through.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

CAR VOICE
Highway 2106 blocked by rock fall. Automatic brake employed. Projected repair date: October 12. Please use alternate route.

Marshall bangs the computer dashboard in frustration.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The Hummer races towards a tight bend...

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Adam sees the SUV fall behind.

ADAM
Are you chicken?

As he sweeps around the curve, Adam is confronted by a small mountain of rocks. The road is completely blocked. Adam instinctively swings the wheel.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The Hummer SMASHES through the guardrail and into space...

What a glorious sight. It sails through the air. Marshall and Vincent watch wide eyed.

It arcs and begins it's inevitable fall. Dropping three stories into...

The river.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Adam, marvelling that he's still alive, unbuckles himself. The cab is quickly filling with water.

Adam tries the driver's side door, but it's jammed shut. He pulls himself through his broken window.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Marshall and Vincent stand at the edge and peer down at the smoking pile of Hummer wreckage below.

VINCENT
That was spectacular. Don't get to see car accidents like that anymore.

MARSHALL
Except in the old flat-movies.

VINCENT
Too bad it didn't explode.

They look at each other. Shrug. Take aim at the Hummer... And let loose a few rounds. One of them hits the GAS TANK.

CONTINUED:

KA-BOOOOM! The Hummer goes up in a a massive fireball of flames and water.

But in the glow of the flames, Marshall spots Adam swimming to shore.

MARSHALL
Sonuvabitch! He's alive.

Marshall chases Adam with gunfire. FOOOSH! FOOOSH! FOOOSH!

ADAM HITS THE SHORE AND scrambles OUT OF SHOOTING RANGE

ON MARSHALL - as he watches Adam disappear in the distance.

MARSHALL
Let's go get the bodies. I want to ask Talia a few questions.

EXT. REPLACEMENT RESEARCH CENTER - NIGHT

Replacement's high-rise TWIN TOWERS are the highlight of the downtown skyline. In the plaza below...

AN UNRULY GROUP OF RELIGIOUS ACTIVISTS is held back by POLICE. They carry placards quoting Biblical passages and chant slogans protesting the cloning of human organs.

ACTIVISTS
There is but one Creator!/On the sixth day GOD created man/Stop organ cloning.

Luxury sedans and limousines file past the protesters, dropping off PARTY GUESTS in black-tie attire.

INT. EAST TOWER, WEIR ORGAN TRANSPLANT CLINIC - NIGHT

GUESTS, DOCTORS and ADMINISTRATORS sip champagne with wealthy BENEFACTORS and POLITICIANS. A BANNER hanging across the lobby reads, "WEIR ORGAN TRANSPLANT CLINIC -- GRAND OPENING." In front of the crowd, a TELEVISION REPORTER hold a microphone and addresses a camera.

REPORTER
...Genetically engineered organ cultivation has already saved thousands of lives, including many of the guests at this dedication gala tonight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER (cont'd)
The architect of this ground-breaking procedure Dr. Graham Weir, now a candidate for the Nobel Prize.

The reporter turns to DR. GRAHAM WEIR (60). An intense, erudite man.

REPORTER
Dr. Weir, many of the protesters outside your clinic tonight feel your science has gone too far, that you're playing God. How do you respond?

GRAHAM
God gave me the means and intelligence to save lives. That's all I am doing.

REPORTER
Now that we're cloning human organs can full body cloning be far behind?

GRAHAM
Replacement bodies are okay for the family pet, but I don't think society could ever fully accept human cloning.

REPORTER
Dr. Weir, thank you for your time.

The reporter moves on to interview others. A WAITRESS passes. Graham stops her.

GRAHAM
Excuse me? Have you seen my wife?

INT. LADIES RESTROOM - NIGHT

KATHERINE WEIR (50), a handsome woman with soft eyes, examines herself in the mirror. She seems ill, unsteady. A KNOCK at the door startles her.

GRAHAM
Katherine? Are you in there?

Graham pokes his head in, sees his wife, concerned.

GRAHAM
Are you all right?

KATHERINE
I'm fine.

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM
No you're not. Shall I call Dr. Stevens?

KATHERINE
No. I just overdid it...
(forces a smile)
I'm sorry. I didn't want to spoil your big night.

Graham crosses and puts her arm around her.

GRAHAM
Nonsense. I'll take you home.

INT. EAST TOWER, WEIR ORGAN TRANSPLANT CLINIC - NIGHT

As the pair exits the restroom, Graham spots an under-dressed MARSHALL crossing the reception area. Marshall signals, Graham nods.

GRAHAM
You won't mind if I come back to the party after I take you home, will you?

KATHERINE
Of course not. You've worked hard for this.

INT. SIXTH DAY DNA INFUSION LAB - NIGHT

Futuristic, high-tech medical research lab. It is sleek and uncluttered with state-of-the-art security and computer systems. White coated TECHNICIANS man the arcane machinery.

A huge cylindrical chamber sits as the lab's centerpiece. Inside the chamber is...

A HUMAN BLANK. An albino androgynous drone stripped of all characteristic DNA. Its skin is gooey. Not quite formed.

A technician activates the infusion sequence. Suddenly, the chamber WHIRS. Genome chains scroll rapidly across the alloyglass casing. It builds to a crescendo...

WHAM! A LASER BLASTS down hard on the blank's chest. Its back arches briefly as the massive DNA infusion commences.

CONTINUED:

Like a hyper-infectious virus, the cells absorb the new DNA, and the blank morphs from the center outward, hair changing color, skin and bone structure morphing, until we recognize...

A NAKED WOMAN. Talia to be exact. Except her hair looks different. Mousy color. Long and wild.

INT. SIXTH DAY SYNCORDING LAB - NIGHT

A mammoth computer systems laboratory with floor-to-ceiling databanks surrounding a syncording station at which several TECHNICIANS work.

MARSHALL and GRAHAM (still dressed to the nines) stand over Talia's seminude, newly manufactured body. She looks like she's sleeping. A heart monitor BEEPS in the background.

MARSHALL
He's an ex-Navy Op. Twice decorated.

GRAHAM
Marshall, do you realize what will happen to us if we don't eliminate him?

MARSHALL
A minor setback. Don't worry.

Graham turns to Talia, opens her eye lid, then scans a LASER WAND over her pupil. He steps back. A long beat. Then...

Talia suddenly comes awake SCREAMING and flailing wildly. She falls off the table.

TALIA
Goddammit sonuvabitch!!!

She stops, suddenly aware of her surroundings. She rubs her neck, still feeling the pain of her demise.

TALIA
Piece of shit Wiley. I'm gonna kill him. Where is he?

MARSHALL
Still cooking.

Talia catches her reflection in a stainless steel wall panel.

CONTINUED:

TALIA
My hair looks like crap. You know how much a good cut and color costs?

GRAHAM
What does Gibson know?

TALIA
He knows he's been cloned. He knows we'll kill his family if he makes contact.

MARSHALL
Where'd he go?

TALIA
Excuse me, I was dead. Remember?

Talia now notices a body covered in plastic on a table nearby. She goes to it and pulls the plastic back revealing...

HERSELF. Bloody, broken, and very dead.

Talia studies her corpse for a beat, then reaches over, and casually removes the EARRINGS from its ears.

TALIA
Gotta pierce my goddamn ears again.

She take the stud and stabs her own unpierced earlobe. She pushes hard, until it's in, then fastens the back, satisfied.

INT. 509TH PRECINCT POLICE STATION, BULLPEN - NIGHT

Crowded with computerized workstations and cubicles. Huge screens monitor the city hot-spots. COPS and CLERKS in identical uniforms move up and down the aisles.

Adam sits in a processing cubicle. His clothes are dirty and wet, his head's caked with dried blood. A very put-upon LIEUTENANT takes his report on a computer without ever looking up.

ADAM
Just listen to me. Please, go to my house and get my wife and daughter. If I go back, they'll kill them.

CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT
Look, buddy. I got a guy upstairs thinks he's chasing a serial killer who can travel through time. Another kook blew up a warehouse yesterday because he said this world isn't real. So, get in line.

ADAM
I know it sounds crazy. I hardly believe it myself.

LIEUTENANT
Cloning humans is not scientifically possible. Even research in that field is a felony.

ADAM
Well then someone broke the law. This is a police station, right? Go check it out. 10367 Ulysses Avenue.

The Lieutenant grudgingly keys the address into his computer.

LIEUTENANT
Hmm. We did get a report of a car theft at that address earlier tonight.

ADAM
That was me.

LIEUTENANT
You stole it?

A Brooks Brothers holographic VIRTUAL ATTORNEY instantly appears on a projection plate next to Adam.

VIRTUAL ATTORNEY
Hello. I am your court-appointed virtual attorney. You don't have to answer that question.
(to the Lieutenant)
Is my client being officially charged with auto theft?

ADAM
I didn't steal it; it's mine!

VIRTUAL ATTORNEY
I advise you to refrain from speaking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Lieutenant refers to his computer screen.

LIEUTENANT
The report was filed by Adam Gibson.

ADAM
I'm Adam Gibson. I took the car.

LIEUTENANT
Then, you're saying you filed a false report?

VIRTUAL ATTORNEY
You don't have to answer that.

ADAM
I was cloned! People are trying to kill me!

PASSERSBY eye Adam curiously.

VIRTUAL ATTORNEY
We'll be pleading insanity. Now loading the court-appointed virtual psychoanalyst paid for by your tax dollars...

The attorney disappears, and a Freudian holographic VIRTUAL PSYCHIATRIST appears in his place.

VIRTUAL PSYCHIATRIST
If two turtles got lost in the desert --

ADAM
-- Shut up!

The holograph disappears. Adam rubs his head. It's killing him. He searches his pockets, comes up with his bottle of aspirin, pops a few, and swallows them dry.

LIEUTENANT
Maybe we should get a doctor in here to take a look at you. You probably have a concussion.

ADAM
No. It's just an old war injury.

A CLERK pokes her head in and looks to the Lieutenant.

CLERK
Could I see you for a moment, please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Lieutenant steps away with the clerk. Adam watches them talk through the glass cubicle wall. After a few long beats, the Lieutenant finally returns.

LIEUTENANT
OK. We're sending a squad car out to your house to check out your story.

ADAM
(sighs, relieved)
Thank you.

LIEUTENANT
Why don't you try to get some rest. We have a lounge over there.

INT. POLICE STATION, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Adam paces, impatient.

A TELEVISION plays in the background.

AD MAN
...tender and tasty. Chicken, beef, and pork engineered with low fat and zero cholesterol. Perfect every bite. Dolly Farms. Making it healthy to be a carnivore again.

Adam's eyes wander to several photos hanging on the wall.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS

A series of pictures of several identical K-9 Malinois dogs. The photos are captioned:
"509th Precinct's Award-Winning K-9 Unit Engineered by RePet"

Adam glances back through the glass door at the Lieutenant. And what he sees astounds him.

MARSHALL, WILEY, and VINCENT talking to him. ADAM reacts, eyes wide. Last time Adam saw Wiley, he was roadkill.

ADAM
I saw him die.

BULLPEN -

The Lieutenant leads the trio of assassins to the lounge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIeutenant
He's right in here.

The Lieutenant opens the lounge door. But Adam's gone.

INT. CONDO COMPLEX, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hank weaves down the long hallway, drunk. LIGHTS automatically turning ON in front of him and OFF when he has passed. He reaches his door. Slaps his hand on the biometric lock. The door clicks open.

INT. HANK'S CONDO - NIGHT

Hank stumbles in and calls out, sing-song...

HANK
Honey, I'm home!

No response. Hank shuts the door, flicks on the lights, then kicks a control panel on the wall.

Instantly, a sexy HOLOGRAPHIC WOMAN flickers and appears next to him wearing nothing but a football jersey.

VIRTUAL GIRLFRIEND
Hi, sugar. Have you been working out? You look so good. I recorded all your sports programs for you. Thought maybe we could watch them together. Want a beer, or should I just take my clothes off now?

Hank shrugs off his coat, mulls it over. A KNOCK interrupts. Hank answers it. It's Adam. He's looked better.

HANK
What the hell happened to you?

ADAM
You'd never believe it.

Adam ducks inside.

VIRTUAL GIRLFRIEND
Hello, Adam. Want a beer?

Adam ignores her, turns off the lights, goes to the window, looks outside.

CONTINUED:

VIRTUAL GIRLFRIEND
We have a wide variety of imported and domestics, full-bodied or light, micro and macro brewed.

HANK
Come on, man. What's wrong? You're starting to scare me.

ADAM
They might've followed me here.

VIRTUAL GIRLFRIEND
(persists)
May I suggest at the end of the day, when friends get together, don't forget your best friend...Budweiser, the only beer brewed with real water.

HANK
Not right now, cupcake. Power down.

The holograph disappears.

HANK
Okay, now. Real slow. Tell me what happened.

A NOISE from the other room catches Adam's attention. He pulls out Wiley's gun.

HANK
Holy shit! That's a real gun!

Adam motions for Hank to be quiet.

HANK
(whispers)
What's going on!

Adam slowly stalks into...

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam combat pivot's into the room. Suddenly, a dark FIGURE jumps in front of his face. It knocks over a lamp. CRASH!

On reflex, Adam wheels around to shoot...

But Hank stops him. He grabs Adam's hand and flips on the bedroom lights. We now see SADIE THE CLONED CAT sitting on Hank's dresser eating a synthetic mouse.

CONTINUED:

HANK
Shit Adam, you almost killed my cat!

Adam takes a breath. Hank pets Sadie, looks at Adam.

HANK
What the hell's the matter with you?!
You're not having flashbacks are you?

Adam realizes his shirt's bloody and shucks it off.

ADAM
That wasn't me at my party tonight.

Adam opens Hank's closet, grabs a shirt, puts it on.

HANK
Good. I don't feel so bad about
missing it then.

ADAM
(surprised)
You weren't at my house tonight?

Hank shrugs guiltily.

HANK
I don't know what happened. I
must've stopped at the lodge for a
brain-stim before coming down the
hill. All I remember is waking up
shit-faced in my car. Must've gotten
a bad stim.

Adam thinks hard, trying to piece it all together. Hank studies him, concerned.

HANK
You all right?

ADAM
Come on, I want to show you
something.

The two head for the door.

INT. GIBSON HOME, GARAGE - NIGHT

Wearing a tool belt, the CLONE Adam works at temporarily repairing the busted garage door.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE GIBSON HOME - NIGHT

Hank's car is parked across the street from the Gibson home. The house is dark save for a light in the garage.

INT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Hank sits in the front seat watching the clone through the hole in the garage door. Hank is incredulous.

HANK
Jesus H. Christ! I told you to get your dog cloned, not yourself!

Adam pulls out his GUN, then looks up and down the street.

HANK
What're you gonna do?

Adam opens the car door, determined.

ADAM
Take my life back.

EXT. SIDE OF THE GIBSON HOME - NIGHT

Adam creeps quickly around the side of the house. Hank hurries after him. They talk in whispers.

HANK
Whoa, whoa. You mean, you're gonna kill him?

ADAM
Why not? He's not real. There's no law against it. Besides, no one will miss him.

HANK
What're you gonna do with the body? Bury it in the back yard?

ADAM
I'll think of something.

EXT. GIBSON HOME, BACK YARD - NIGHT

Adam enters this gated yard and moves to the side of the garage. Hank follows, protesting...

CONTINUED:

HANK
Technically, this could be considered suicide. You'll burn in Hell.

They stop and peer into a dirty garage window.

FROM THEIR POV

The clone nails a large piece of pressboard to the door.

BACK TO SCENE

Adam raises the gun, aims it through the window.

FROM THEIR POV

The clone finishes nailing, then turns our way. He looks and moves exactly like Adam.

BACK TO SCENE

Hank puts his hand on Adam's gun, stopping him.

HANK
How do I know he's not you, and you're not him? I mean, look at him. He's even a shitty carpenter.

ADAM
Come on, Hank. You telling me you can't tell the difference?

Hank studies Adam, unsure, then...

HANK
Lemme see your scar.

Adam sighs, frustrated. Then, reaches up to the back of his head...

CLOSE ON ADAM'S HEAD

Adam feels for the scar...it's there. He shows Hank.

BACK TO SCENE

Hank's relieved.

HANK
Alright, you're Adam. Kill him.

ADAM
Thanks for your support.

CONTINUED:

Just then, Natalie enters the garage.

NATALIE
You forgot something.

Adam and Hank duck.

INT. GIBSON HOME, GARAGE - NIGHT

Natalie holds out the cigar box. The clone sees the box, then looks around furtively.

CLONE
Is Clara asleep?

Natalie nods. The clone smiles and sets down his hammer.

Natalie opens the box, and the clone pops the cigar butt into his mouth. Natalie lights it for him. The clone inhales deeply. Then, COUGHS harshly.

CLONE
(raspy)
Pretty good. Want some?

He holds the butt out to Natalie. She eyes it, trying to talk herself out of it.

NATALIE
Smoking's illegal. I'm a mother.

But she can't resist. She grabs the cigar and takes a quick hit. She coughs too. They both laugh.

NATALIE
Look, I'm sorry about the RePet. I really am. I was just so worried about ruining your birthday party...I wasn't thinking.

CLONE
It's all right. I didn't know how I was gonna tell Clara anyway. Thought if I gave her the Sim-Pal, she wouldn't feel so bad.

EXT. GIBSON HOME, BACK YARD - NIGHT

The real Adam watches his wife. That's his girl. That's his whole world. His heart wrenches. Then...

CONTINUED:

CLARA
Daddy?

Adam and Hank whip around to find...a sleepy CLARA standing behind them, wearing her nightgown.

Alarmed, Adam quickly slips Hank the gun, and Hank tucks it in the back of his pants.

ADAM
Clara. What're you doing out here?

CLARA
I had a bad dream.

Adam looks back into the garage. The clone and Natalie are unaware Clara's up. Adam picks Clara up.

ADAM
Come on sweetie.
(to Hank)
Stay here.

Adam whisks Clara back into the house.

INT. GIBSON HOME, CLARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam sets Clara on her bed, trying hard to mask the urgency of the situation.

CLARA
Dad, did Oliver die?

That stops Adam. He looks at her, doesn't know what to say.

CLARA
Is he a RePet?

ADAM
What makes you say that?

CLARA
You haven't been playing with him like you usually do. You locked him outside.

ADAM
Did I? I'm sorry. I haven't been myself lately.

Now, we hear a CAR outside. Adam checks the window.

FROM HIS POV

A CAR cruises by slowly.

BACK TO SCENE

Adam pulls the covers up over Clara.

ADAM
Honey, I need you to go to sleep now. It's late.

He kisses her quickly, then exits.

INT. GIBSON HOME, GARAGE - NIGHT

The clone gives Natalie "that" look.

CLONE
How long has it been since we did it in the backseat of a car?

Natalie smiles and raises her eyebrows.

NATALIE
We should smoke cigars more often.

The clone grabs Natalie, pulls her close, and they kiss.

EXT. GIBSON HOME, GARAGE - NIGHT

Hank is suddenly uncomfortable watching the couple. He looks away, then finally quietly leaves.

INT. GIBSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam hurries down the stairs, peers out the front window.

Through it, we see TALIA and MARSHALL making their way up the front walk.

Adam looks around...spots a GOLF CLUB.

EXT. GIBSON HOME, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Adam opens the front door to Talia and Marshall, startling them. They eye the golf club.

MARSHALL
Mr. Gibson?

CONTINUED:

ADAM
Who're you?

Like he doesn't know.

MARSHALL
Millennium Security. Sorry to bother you, sir.

Adam studies the duo, wary.

ADAM
You got some I.D.?

Marshall flashes Adam an official-looking badge. Adam studies it, then sets down his club.

ADAM
Sorry. I'm a little jumpy. We had a break-in earlier tonight.

Talia sizes him up carefully. Is he real, or is he Memorex?

MARSHALL
We know. We heard on the wire your car was found abandoned and totaled in the river.

ADAM
I don't suppose they caught the bastard who stole it.

TALIA
No. But they will.

Talia stares Adam down.

Just then, Hank rounds the corner of the house from the back yard. Talia expertly reacts, whipping out her gun and pointing it at Hank. Startled, Hank puts his hands up.

HANK
Whoa, whoa.

ADAM
(to Talia)
It's all right. He's my friend.

Talia lowers her gun.

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM
He's helping me fix my garage.

HANK
Yeah.

Hank studies the duo, unsure. Talia holsters her gun.

MARSHALL
We're just following up. Making sure you haven't had any other disturbances.

ADAM
No. Nothing.

Suddenly, Oliver slips out the front door, sees Talia, and immediately lunges at her, BARKING ferociously.

EXT. GIBSON HOME, GARAGE - NIGHT

Natalie and the clone both hear Oliver BARKING and stop.

NATALIE
Now what?

CLONE
Stay here.

EXT. GIBSON HOME, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Adam yanks Oliver back by his collar.

ADAM
Oliver, no! Heel!
(to Talia)
Sorry. He's a RePet. Used to be a good watchdog. Now, he lets my car get stolen and barks at security guards.

Marshall laughs, buying it.

ADAM
I hate clones. Don't you?

Talia glares at Adam. Marshall feigns an agreeable chuckle.

MARSHALL
Yeah. I hear they can be difficult.

EXT. GIBSON HOME, BACK YARD - NIGHT

The clone crosses the yard and heads to the back door.

INT. GIBSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam pulls the snarling Oliver into the house. Hank follows. Talia and Marshall turn to go.

MARSHALL
We'll keep an eye on your property. You try to have a good night.

ADAM
Thanks. I'll sleep a lot better knowing you guys are around.

Adam shuts the door.

ADAM
Those are the guys who tried to kill me.

They peek out the window and watch Talia and Marshall get in their car and drive away.

HANK
They seem okay.

ADAM
They thought I was the clone.

INT. GIBSON HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The clone enters through the back door. We hear Oliver BARKING in the living room.

INT. GIBSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The clone enters to find Oliver BARKING at the window. The clone looks out the window.

FROM HIS POV

We see that the street is quiet and empty.

BACK TO SCENE

The clone pulls a barking Oliver away from the window.

CLONE
Oliver, cut it out!

CONTINUED:

Oliver quiets but continues to GROWL, unnerved.

CLONE
Man, you're glitchy.

The clone exits through the kitchen and out the back door. Oliver jumps down from the couch, and we follow him to find... ADAM and HANK both crouched down behind the couch. Oliver licks Adam's face. Adam pets him and whispers...

ADAM
Good boy, Oliver.
(to Hank)
Come on. This was a bad idea.

Adam stands.

HANK
But you can't just leave Natalie and Clara here with him...it...that.

ADAM
I have no choice. Besides, they're in good hands. He thinks he's me.

Hank considers that somberly, then follows Adam...

INT. HANK'S CONDO - NIGHT

Adam and Hank enter.

ADAM
What'd they do after I took Clara inside?

HANK
Who? Oh, nothing.

ADAM
That's not what I would've done.

Hank crosses to his kitchen.

HANK
What would you've done?

ADAM
Nothing.

HANK
Well, that's what they did.

CONTINUED:

ADAM
Shit. In the minivan?

Hank opens the refrigerator. Grabs a beer. Opens it.

HANK
You know what tobacco does to people.

ADAM
And she couldn't tell it wasn't me?

HANK
Didn't look like it.

ADAM
I should've killed him when I had the chance.

Hank swigs his beer.

HANK
Could've been worse. Could've been someone else. At least she's not cheating on you. Technically.

FOOOOOSH! Hank staggers forward, his torso smoking.

HANK (cont'd)
Oh shit.

It takes a moment to register. Hank looks down. Sees where his chest used to be. He's been shot.

HANK
Adam... where's my chest?

Horror registers on Adam's face as he realizes what happened. Hank drops.

ADAM
HANK!

Adam rushes to him. Adam looks up to see TRIPP (the GREENPEACE SNOWBOARDER), emerge from the balcony holding a weapon.

TRIPP
".. but of the tree of knowledge, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

Tripp aims his weapon at Adam's head, but just then...

CONTINUED: (2)

VIRTUAL GIRLFRIEND
Is that you, Hank? You ready to play?

Tripp turns to fire at Virtual Girlfriend in her peek-a-boo negligee. She screams but the blast passes right through her. But it gives Adam the opening he needs. He lunges at Tripp. Slamming him against the wall. The gun pops from Tripp's hand and clatters to the floor BY THE BALCONY DOOR.

Adam headbutts Tripp, sending him reeling back.

Free, Adam dives for the gun and gets there first.

As he turns, Tripp pulls a knife from his belt and stabs Adam in his arm.

The gun discharges and falls from his hand.

But Tripp took the round in his side. He staggers back and breaks for the door.

Adam reaches for Hank but he's dead.

ADAM
I'll get him, partner.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

Adam bursts from the lobby in time to see Tripp disappear into the condo's parking garage. Adam races after him.

INT. CONDO COMPLEX, PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Tripp holding his side, tries to run across the nearly deserted top floor of the garage, but blood seeps from his side. He stumbles to the ground, and we see for the first time how bad the wound is. Adam hurries to him, kicking the knife away, then checking his wound. Tripp grabs Adam.

TRIPP
"...on the sixth day God created man. God created man."

ADAM
Let go. I'll call an ambulance.

TRIPP
It's too late. Too late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM
Why did you kill him? Who are you working for?

TRIPP
Hank Morgan was an abomination to God. He was a clone.

ADAM
Hank wasn't a clone. I've known him for years.

TRIPP
The real Hank Morgan died this afternoon.... I know. I killed him when I killed Drucker. A casualty of the holy war.

ADAM
You're wrong. If Drucker were dead, it would've been on the news.

Tripp coughs, struggles to speak.

TRIPP
Open your eyes. Drucker owns Replacement... He's not one of us.

Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS sweep across the scene. Adam looks up. It's the SUV pulling into the complex garage.

TRIPP
They found us! Shoot me...in the head...

ADAM
What are you talking about?

TRIPP
They'll scan me and find out everything. They'll kill us all.

ADAM
You're crazy.

TRIPP
God forgive me...

Tripp grabs Adam's hand and pulls the gun to his own head. Before Adam can react, Tripp shoots himself through the mouth...FOOOSH!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Adam looks away, horrified and confused, as the SUV skids to a halt right by the body.

Adam snaps back to reality and realizing the danger... runs, still holding Tripp's gun.

Marshall and Talia are out of the van, racing toward him. They whip out their guns... and FIRE!

FOOSH! Adam dives for cover behind the only car parked on this level. HE'S A SITTING DUCK.

Talia and Marshall slow. Marshall squeezes off a round at Tripp's corpse.

MARSHALL
Goddamned fundamentalists.

The pair approach the car, hand signalling to each other as they fan around the car to trap Adam.

As they approach from both sides, it's clear that there's nowhere for Adam to run.

On the count of three they pivot around the car, guns leveled.

But there's no Adam. Where the hell did he go?

FROM under the car... FOOOSH!

A round blows Marshall's foot off.

MARSHALL
AAAaaaaaaaaah! My foot! He shoot my foot!

Marshall collapses into Talia, who leaps as another FOOOOSH! comes inches away from taking off her own foot.

As she lands, Adam reaches out from under the car and grabs her ankle, yanking her to the ground. Marshall loses his balance and strikes his head against the car bumper.

Rolling out from under the car, Adam drops into a combat crouch and comes up clutching Tripp's weapon. As he aims it, Talia instinctively reaches out to grab it. The weapon discharges. Talia's cauturized fingers go flying.

ADAM
Doesn't anyone stay dead anymore?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WHAP! Adam pistol whips her. Knocking her out cold. Marshall lays next to her.

Adam quickly searches her...

ADAM
Who are you people?

Comes up empty.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Adam looks around. Spots the car's cellular phone.

ADAM
Let's see who you've been talking to.

He presses the redial button. The phone rings a couple of beats and then an answering machine picks up.

VOICE
You've reached the office of Dr. Graham Weir at Replacement Corporation. No one can come to the phone right now, so please....

Adam punches the End button.

ADAM
Okay. Let's go visit Dr. Weir.

He keys a command into the car's navigational system.

CAR VOICE
I.D. required. Please use biometric reader to verify identification, or the alarm will sound in ten seconds.

The car voice counts down. Ten...nine...eight...

Adam presses his finger on the biometric scanner. Nothing. Seven...six...five...

He remembers. Jumps from the car and grabs one of Talia's fingers. Her dismembered, cauterized THUMB to be exact.

Four...three...two... Adam presses the severed thumb on the biometric pad. The car's navigation system comes to life.

CONTINUED:

A menu of "FAVORITE DESTINATIONS" instantly appears on the windshield screen. Among the destinations...THE REPLACEMENT RESEARCH CENTER.

Adam closes the door and punches the ACTIVATE BUTTON. But when he does... the entire rear of the SUV explodes.

ADAM
Oh shit.

He looks behind him in the rear view mirror to see Marshall dragging himself over with his gun raised.

aDAM
Engage! Go! Go!

The car surges forward and up the exit ramp. Marshall FIRES after him, but without his foot, he can only move so fast.

MARSHALL
Those were brand new boots, Gibson. You're gonna pay!

Talia shakes herself to consciousness and cradles her missing hand.

MARSHALL (cont'd)
Look what he did to my foot.

Talia recovers her gun with her good hand...

TALIA
Relax, I'll buy you a new one.

... and shoots Marshall in the chest.

INT. GREENHOUSE - MORNING

Katherine Weir is here, tending to an ORCHID. She has a slightly drawn look as if she might be in some pain. Her orchid is lustrous black with hot yellow striping.

GRAHAM
Is that a new one?

She looks up and smiles as her husband Graham joins her with a tray of tea.

KATHERINE
Cross-pollinated. Took me seventeen generations to get it right.

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM
If you told me what you wanted --

KATHERINE
-- I know. You could have engineered it in a half hour. I wasn't in that much of a hurry, Graham.

Graham touches her face. It's clear he's totally in love with her. He hands her her tea. Katherine takes off her gardening gloves. Wipes her brow. Graham notices.

GRAHAM
What is _t?

KATHERINE
Nothing. Just need to rest.

Suddenly, A TRICKLE OF BLOOD drips from her nose. And she collapses.

int. drucker's office - morning

Marshall slides a new boot over his "new" foot on his new body. He flexes it, testing it out.

DRUCKER (O.S.)
Why isn't he dead?

Marshall looks over to see Drucker, standing at his window, silhouetted against the rising morning sun.

MARSHALL
He's had combat training. He uses unorthodox methods.

DRUCKER
Do you think I care? The man is a threat to everything I've built and I want him dead. Do you understand me?

MARSHALL
Yes sir.

DRUCKER
Get out of here.

Marshall heads out of the room.

EXT. REPLACEMENT RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

A small peaceful group of religious PROTESTERS picket in the plaza below the twin towers.

Replacement EMPLOYEES enter and exit the facility unfazed by the PROTESTERS. Business as usual. Among the employees is...

ADAM

... looking unshaven and a bit rumpled. Somehow it looks good on him. He slips past the protestors and enters...

INT. REPLACEMENT RESEARCH CENTER, LOBBY - DAY

The twin towers share this spacious glass atrium lobby. East and west elevators are situated on opposite ends. A canned voice welcomes all EMPLOYEES and VISITORS.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Welcome to Replacement Industries, making the future brighter through genetic engineering. Tours of the Human Organ Farm, RePet Bio-Manufacturing labs, and the Extinct Species Preserve are every hour on the hour in the East Tower...

Huge BANNERS boast of Replacement's various enterprises: RePet, a boy cuddles his dog. The Weir Organ Clinic, an elderly man hugs his grandchild. And the Extinct Species Preserve, pictures of a Dodo bird and a Sabre-Tooth Tiger. The Replacement Industries Corporate LOGO is tiled in marble in the lobby floor.

Adam crosses to a computerized directory of the building. Punches in...

ADAM
Graham Weir.

Weir's 11th floor office information appears on the screen. Adam takes in the information and then looks over to the elevators where he sees... A SECURITY STATION.

INT. REPLACEMENT, WEIR TRANSPLANT CLINIC, ICU - DAY

Katherine lies in a hospital bed attached to arcane medical equipment by various plastic tubes and wires. Although conscious, she looks very ill.

CONTINUED:

The FEMALE DOCTOR updates Graham in hushed tones.

DOCTOR
The cancer's too far metastasized. Even the replacement organs are riddled.

Graham nods and the doctor leave him alone with her. Graham takes a seat at her bedside.

KATHERINE
The doctor looked very serious.

GRAHAM
Katherine... you're dying.

KATHERINE
I know... Graham...?

GRAHAM
Yes?

KATHERINE
Please... don't turn me into one of those things. I couldn't bare it.

GRAHAM
But I created it for us. So we could be together always.

KATHERINE
I know, love, but I never wanted it. There's a better world out there waiting for both of us... It's my God given time.

GRAHAM
I wish I could believe.

KATHERINE
I have enough faith for both of us.

She squeezes his hand and manages a smile.

KATHERINE
Remember what they say on Broadway. No show's so good it should run forever.

GRAHAM
What am I to do without you?

CONTINUED: (2)

KATHERINE
Water my flowers.

Katherine closes her eyes.

KATHERINE
I love you... dearheart.

GRAHAM
I love you too.

Tears run down Graham's face as Katherine quietly dies.

INT. REPLACEMENT RESEARCH CENTER, LOBBY - DAY

Two SECURITY GUARDS eat donuts and monitor passing employees as their thumbprints are each biometrically scanned. Adam stands in line with other employees. He's holding something in his hand. TALIA'S THUMB.

As he approaches the biometric scanner, he fingers Talia's thumb nervously. But it slips from his hand and falls to the floor!

Adam instantly drops, scanning the floor for the thumb. Lots of feet trample by. A woman actually steps on the digit, but as soon as her shoe lifts, Adam grabs it and rises to find...

THE GUARD, staring at him.

ADAM (cont'd)
Dropped my pen. I'm all thumbs today.

Adam surreptitiously places Talia's thumb on the biometric reader. The indicator light shifts to green. The Guard nods and Adam passes through.

He allows himself a smile at his good fortune as he crosses to the elevators. But just then one of the elevators open and MARSHALL EXITS. Adam spots him and turns away.

Just then a tour group passes, FOURTH GRADERS wearing matching school uniforms with their TEACHERS and PARENT CHAPERONES. Adam slips into the crowd and shuffles along with them, keeping his back to Marshall.

ADAM
Come on, kids. Everyone stay together now.

One of the other parents eyes Adam suspiciously.

CONTINUED:

PARENT
Do I know you?

ADAM
Sure. We met at Back-to-school night.
(he gestures vaguely to the kids)
That's my boy up there.

The woman nods, embarrassed that she doesn't remember. The group is ushered into the elevator.

We hold on Marshall talking on his cell phone.

MARSHALL
I don't care if you haven't slept all night. You're gonna get your asses down here and we're gonna find this S.O.B.

Marshall turns toward the elevator just as the door finishes closing.

INT. REPLACEMENT, REPET SYNCORDING LAB - DAY

Adam and the tour group walk past a GUARD and through the Repet Syncording Lab. All the kids marvel at the 20th Century Frankenstein Equipment. The TOUR GUIDE stops in front of a scanning slab with a MALINOIS K-9 dog which lies dead.

TOUR GUIDE
...Luckily the donor's brain is still intact. If it weren't, we'd have to download the cerebral data from an earlier scan, assuming one exists, but those are never as complete as a postmortem syncording...

The tour guide grabs a LASER WAND and passes it over the dead dog's open eye. This catches Adam's attention.

TOUR GUIDE
Think of the brain as a personal computer, and we're simply uploading the memory data via the optic nerve.

The dog's paws twitch, like it's having a bad dream. A teacher gasps.

KID #1
It's alive!

CONTINUED:

TOUR GUIDE
No, no. That's normal. Just a reflex caused by the stimulation of the cerebellum...

ON ADAM as we...

FLASH CUT TO:

ADAM'S MEMORY HIT.

INT. DOUBLE-X OFFICE - DAY

Drucker's BODYGUARD.

BODYGUARD
Mr. Drucker considers the President the second most important person in the world.

The bodyguard pulls a hand-held computer with a pin-laser peripheral out of his jacket pocket.

BODYGUARD
Look straight ahead, please.

Adam does, and the bodyguard passes a LASER WAND over Adam's eye. A FLASH of WHITE LIGHT...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. REPLACEMENT, REPET SYNCORDING LAB - DAY

Back to real time. The dog stops twitching as the tour guide completes the scan.

ADAM stares at the wand, realizing.

TOUR GUIDE
Now that we've syncorded the brain, we can dispose of the donor.

The tour guide presses a button. The table inclines, and the dead dog slips down a chute marked...

INCINERATOR.

KID #1
This is boring.

TEACHER
Shhh!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The tour moves on, but Adam hangs back. As soon as the tour is gone, Adam checks the door, pulls out Talia's finger and presses it to the scanner. The door indicator light flashes green and Adam slips through the door into a stairwell.

INT. REPLACEMENT RESEARCH CENTER, LOBBY - DAY

Marshall crosses to the front door as Talia, Wiley, and Vincent enter. They head toward the security station.

MARSHALL
What'd you find?

TALIA
No biometric transactions. No phone calls. No motels. No cash accounts. Must've slept on the street.

WILEY
I say we look for a popsicle. I say we're done.

TALIA
Shut up, Wiley. We wouldn't be here if you hadn't killed me instead of him.

One by one, they each pass through the security station.

WILEY
You know, what really bothers me is I've never seen a white light. Never seen any angels. Nothing. Have you guys ever seen anything?

TALIA
I saw a white light.

Talia presses her thumb on the biometric scanner, but it BUZZES in error.

The SECURITY GUARD refers to his screen.

SECURITY GUARD
Ma'am, I already have you logged in.

MARSHALL
What? When?

CONTINUED:

SECURITY GUARD
Twenty minutes ago. According to this machine you just entered a restricted area.

TALIA
Son-of-a-bitch has my finger.

The group exchanges looks.

MARSHALL
Deactivate Talia. And seal the building. Nobody leaves.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir?

MARSHALL
You heard me.

Marshall picks up the phone.

MARSHALL (cont'd)
Michael Drucker's office, please.

INT. REPLACEMENT, STAIRWELL - DAY

Adam moves up the stairwell until he reaches the eleventh floor.

INT. REPLACEMENT, CORRIDOR - DAY

Adam edges down the hallway. He hears footsteps and ducks into a doorway. A couple of Scientists in lab coats pass by without noticing him. Adam steps back into the hallway and trots down it.

INT. REPLACEMENT, CORRIDOR - DAY

At the end of the hallway, the corridor turns and descends a flight of stairs into darkness. Adam hesitates at the top of the steps and then cautiously proceeds. He's swallowed by darkness. The stairs lead to the...

INT. SIXTH DAY DRONING LAB - DAY

Adam enters but stops dead, horrified by what he sees...

The Sixth Day Droning Laboratory. Like the pet droning lab, only this one's growing HUMANS. Massive alloyglass EMBRYONIC TANKS grow dozens of HUMAN BLANKS.

CONTINUED:

The hairless, colorless, androgynous bodies float in the ghoulish liquid, hanging by synthetic umbilicals attached to ceiling control grids.

Metal stairs and scaffolding lead to suspended catwalks which line the tops of the tanks allowing access to the grids.

It's spooky as shit in here.

ADAM
Humans. They're growing humans.

At the far end of the room, elevated above the tanks is an office. We see one figure silhouetted inside.

INT. SIXTH DAY SYNCORDING LAB - DAY

Graham is hunched over his computer screen. On the monitor, there's an image of Graham, from Katherine's hospital bed P.O.V. Graham's hand hovers near the Infusion switch. But we hear Katherine's haunting final words...

KATHERINE (O.S.)
Please... don't turn me into one of those things. I couldn't bare it.

Graham's hand pulls away from the infusion switch. He can't do it. He pops out her memory.

ADAM
Dr. Graham Weir?

Weir whips around, startled.

INT. REPLACEMENT, CORRIDOR - DAY

Guns leveled, the four assassins race down the hallway. Marshall barks into a walkie talkie.

MARSHALL
Shut down all elevator access and post guards at the stairways. I want search teams on levels nine through twelve.

INT. SIXTH DAY INFUSION/SYNCORDING LAB - DAY

Adam stares down the barrel of his weapon.

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM
The procedure was never meant to be performed on you. You were just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

ADAM
What place?

GRAHAM
I'll show you. I owe you that much.

Graham rises.

ADAM
(Gun levelled)
Slowly.

Graham crosses to the wall and pulls a digital SYNCORD disc from a case lined with mainframe back-ups. Each disc is labelled with a name and date.

ADAM (cont'd)
What are they?

GRAHAM
Memories.

This one's labelled "DRUCKER." Adam notices.

ADAM
Michael Drucker?

Graham inserts the disc into the computer.

GRAHAM
You don't become the richest man in the world without making enemies. We back up his mind religiously.

Graham hits a key.

WHITE fills the COMPUTER SCREEN then...

INT. DRUCKER'S MEMORY, DOUBLE-X WHISPERCRAFT - YESTERDAY

DRUCKER'S POV. Wearing Adam's helmet, Hank pilots up front. Drucker's bodyguard sits in back with Drucker.

Out the window, the snowy mountain peak slowly approaches as the whispercraft begins to land. Hank calls back to Drucker.

CONTINUED:

HANK
You own the Road Runners, right?

DRUCKER
Among other things. You like football?

HANK
Sure do like your quarterback. That kid's got an arm.

DRUCKER
I'll have to get you some tickets.

Hank peers out the window at something.

HANK
What the hell is that?

Drucker's P.O.V. as he leans forward to see a trail of fiery smoke close in on the whispercraft.

In the last split second we see the head of a missile and then... a flash of light and darkness.

INT. SIXTH DAY SYNCORDING LAB - DAY

Adam stares at the screen, stunned and saddened.

GRAHAM
Fundamentalists. Killed everyone onboard.

ADAM
It should've been me.

GRAHAM
We thought it was. To resurrect Drucker, we had to cover up the accident. We cloned everyone onboard thinking no one would be the wiser. By the time we figured out you switched places, it was too late.

ADAM
What gave you the right to do this to me?

GRAHAM
I told you it was a mistake.

CONTINUED:

ADAM
And I'm supposed to pay for that mistake with my life?

GRAHAM
You don't know what you're up against.

Graham points at the syncording library.

GRAHAM (cont'd)
Look at those names. Senators, CEOs, Law Enforcement Directors, all given a new lease on life by Drucker.

ADAM
Clones?

GRAHAM
You think Drucker got rich selling pets? No. He got rich selling life to the dying. Youth to the old.

As Adam eyes the library, Graham reaches under his desk and pushes a red button.

INT. REPLACEMENT, CORRIDOR - DAY

Marshall's walkie-talkie beeps.

MARSHALL
Yes?

GUARD
We have an alarm going off in Sector 11A.

MARSHALL
Seal it off.

INT. SIXTH DAY SYNCORDING LAB - DAY

Adam turns back from the wall of syncording tapes.

ADAM
What about the law?

GRAHAM
The law never applies to the rich. And he won't let some podunk helicopter pilot expose him.

CONTINUED:

ADAM
How do you sleep at night?

GRAHAM
Please understand... I never meant for it to be like this. My wife was dying. Slowly. Painfully. I knew I could save her, but for a price. Michael Drucker was the price.

ADAM
You did all this for your wife?

GRAHAM
And I ended up losing her too.

Off Adam's look...

GRAHAM (cont'd)
She felt it wasn't right... She thought she'd have no soul.

Adam pops Drucker's syncording from the reader.

GRAHAM
What are you doing?

ADAM
I'm not dying for Drucker's sick vision. This is evidence. He may be powerful, but he can't fight his own memories. Every illegal act he's committed is on this tape.

GRAHAM
You walk out of here with that, Drucker'll go after your family.

ADAM
If I don't take it, I lose them anyway... along with my life. Exposing Drucker is my only way out.

He slips it into his pocket.

GRAHAM
You'll never make it, Adam. They're already on their way.

Adam holds the gun to Graham's head.

ADAM
You'll get me out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRAHAM
As a hostage? You think they care if you kill me? They can bring me back.

Adam looks at Graham. He's right. Adam grabs a roll of tape.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Marshall and Talia reach Weir's door. Talia slams her finger down on the biometric reader.

COMPUTER VOICE
Access denied. Biometric scan deactivated.

Marshall pushes her aside and pushes his finger down on the scanner. Indicator light shifts from red to green and the door slides open. They rush into...

INT. SIXTH DAY SYNCORDING LAB - DAY

As the door slides closed behind them, the pair find Graham taped up to a chair.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Adam, dressed in a labcoat, passes Graham's I.D. across the card reader at the freight elevator. He slips aboard and the doors close just as Vincent and Wiley race by.

INT. DRUCKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Drucker stares out at the city.

DRUCKER
All my thoughts... All my actions... He can destroy everything.

He turns around to face Marshall and Graham.

DRUCKER (cont'd)
You told him I'd go after his family. Let's see how much he cares for them.

MARSHALL
Yes sir.

EXT. GIBSON HOME - DAY

Marshall and Talia smash open the front door, guns drawn.

CONTINUED:

VARIOUS SHOTS as the TWO of them toss the house. Kicking in doors... looking for the family.

INT. GIBSON HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

Finally in the kitchen... Talia sees it..

CLOSE ON THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR

There is an Elementary School Calendar with today's date Circled:

"CLARA'S RECITAL 5:30pm"

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, CAFETERIA - DAY

Well-dressed PARENTS, including NATALIE and the CLONE, sit in rows of fold-out chairs, awaiting the performance.

A mass of GRADE-SCHOOLERS march in from the hallway, dressed in their Sunday Best. They take position in front of the crowd of proud parents.

Natalie and the Clone scan the group for Clara, but don't see her.

CLONE
Isn't she supposed to be up there?

NATALIE
Maybe she got nervous.

They wait a few beats. Mother's concern kicks in.

NATALIE
I'll go see if everything's okay.

As the class breaks into the Pledge of Allegiance, Natalie works her way out of her row toward the hallway.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

Natalie walks out into the deserted hallway.

NATALIE
Clara? Clara?

She walks down the hallway a few steps...

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, CAFETERIA - DAY

The recital has begun. PARENTS crane their necks to watch their KIDS sing on stage. A MUSIC TEACHER stiffly accompanies them on piano.

The Clone looks at the empty seat next to him, and then up to the stage. A beat. He looks at his watch. Finally he rises...

CLONE
Excuse me.

... working his way out of the row to the back of the room.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

The clone walks down the hall, he turns the corner just in time to see... NATALIE and CLARA being dragged out the rear of the school by Talia, Vincent and Marshall.

CLONE
Natalie... Clara...

Clara bites Marshall's hand. Marshall yanks it back long enough for Clara to shout.

CLARA
Daddy! Daddy!

Natalie's screams are muffled. Talia and Marshall pull Natalie and Clara out the rear doors as...

FOOOSH! FOOOSH! Wiley lets loose a few rounds, sending CLone diving for cover in a classroom.

ON the Clone - as he peers back in the hallway. It's EMPTY. He races for the rear doors in time to see...

The REPLACEMENT CORPORATION'S WHISPERCRAFT rising from the playing field and into the night.

CLONE
Natalie! Clara!

FOOOSH! FOOOSH! Rounds hail down on him frocing him back to the school for cover.

Panicked, he runs to a nearby bank of PAYPHONES, but just as he picks up a receiver...

SOMETHING GRABS HIM and pulls him into...

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, SCIENCE ROOM - DAY

ADAM throws the Clone against the wall in this science lab. Adam then slams the door closed and presses his GUN to the Clone's chin.

ADAM
I got here too late. I'm sorry.

The Clone sees Adam now. It's like looking in the mirror, only Adam's a lot worse for wear. The Clone is shocked, horrified, unable to move.

CLONE
What the hell are you?

ADAM
Listen to me. You're the only one I can trust.

CLONE
But --

ADAM
-- I know what you're thinking. Don't even say it. Trust me. This is not a joke. This is not impossible. This...is...happening.

The clone swings, but Adam catches his punch.

ADAM
I told you. I know what you're thinking.

There is a sudden SQUEAKING! On reflex, Adam swings his gun around, realizing too late that it's only a LAB RAT running in its wheel.

The Clone lunges at Adam, knocking the gun from his hand.

The men roll to the floor, equally matched, equally desperate to win. They break free of each other. Stand. Lunge. It's like watching somebody fight with a mirror.

They land simultaneous right jabs. Then follow with simultaneous left hooks. They grab each other's faces and WONK! Head-butt!

They wrestle, fingers interlocked, glaring into each other's eyes, then WHUMPH! Knee each other in the balls at the same instant!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The men both fall to the floor, holding their groins in agony, breathing heavily. They spot...

The GUN. Lying on the floor just out of reach between them. The clone reaches it first.

CLONE
Who the hell are you?

ADAM
I'm Adam Gibson. Who do I look like I am?

The clone stares at him, incredulous.

ADAM
You don't believe me.

CLONE
No.

Adam thinks. Tries another tack.

ADAM
In the third grade, the kids nicknamed me Bulldog --

CLONE
-- Because I never quit.

They stare each other down. Both still out of breath.

CLONE
What was my locker combination in high school?

ADAM
Right-27, left-5, right-14. But I had to jiggle it.

They study each other, both unsettled now.

ADAM
I always put on my left shoe first. Superstition.

CLONE
The morning of the day I was shot, I put my right shoe on first. After that, I always put my left shoe on first.

ADAM
Got me through the rest of the war.

CONTINUED: (2)

CLONE
I never even told Natalie that.

Stalemate.

CLONE
Okay, I'm listening.

EXT. REPLACEMENT TOWERS - NIGHT

The Replacement Whispercraft settles down on the landing pad atop one of the towers. Natalie and Clara, blindfolded, are led off the craft. Marshall crosses to Drucker who stands near the corner of the building driving golf balls into the night.

DRUCKER
Anyone see you?

MARSHALL
Only Gibson.

DRUCKER
Perfect.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, SCIENCE ROOM - DAY

The Clone listens carefully to Adam's story.

ADAM
... so if I don't return Drucker's syncording, they're going to kill Natalie and Clara. And if I do return it, they'll probably kill us all.

Long beat. The Clone takes it all in.

ADAM
Look, if we are both the same, if we do have the same thoughts and memories, you love them as much as I do. And I know I'd give my life to keep them safe.

The Clone nods and lowers the gun.

CLONE
What do we have to do?

INT. DRUCKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marshall holds the phone out for Drucker.

CONTINUED:

MARSHALL
It's him.

Drucker takes the phone.

DRUCKER (cont'd)
Mr. Gibson. I believe you have something of mine.

INTERCUT ADAM AT THE SCHOOL -

ADAM
No Mr. Drucker. I have everything of yours.

DRUCKER
And I have everything of yours. Shall we trade?

ADAM
You read my mind.

DRUCKER
Just the highlights. Bring the cassette to my stadium at midnight. Your family will be waiting.

ADAM
Then I'll see you at midnight.

Adam hangs up the phone.

CLONE
Don't tell me you trust him.

ADAM
C'mon. Do I look stupid?

CLONE
So what's the plan?

INT. DRUCKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Drucker slides his phone back into it's cradle.

DRUCKER
Family men are always so predictable.

Graham shakes his head at Drucker.

CONTINUED:

GRAHAM
Michael, I can't do this anymore. Katherine was right. What we're doing here is immoral.

DRUCKER
Graham, I'm sorry about Katherine. I truly am. But we have a deal.

GRAHAM
The deal didn't include kidnapping. The deal didn't include murder.

DRUCKER
Why don't you take some time off? Get some rest. I'll take care of everything.

GRAHAM
No Michael. It's over. I'm out.

DRUCKER
Then I'm very sorry, Graham.

FOOOSH! Graham looks up, to see Drucker holding a pistol. He collapses.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

The field is shrouded in darkness. Then... in a series of flashes the Stadium lights ignite casting artificial sunshine on Marshall and Talia, standing by the SUV at the fifty-yard line.

Marshall checks the time.

MARSHALL
Where is he?

Just then, through the clouds, the Double-X Whispercraft descends.

INT. WHISPERCRAFT COCKPIT - NIGHT

Looking down on the field. The Whispercraft slips low and hovers.

ON THE FIELD - TALIA and MARSHALL look up.

A voice booms out from the helicopter loudspeaker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM (OVER)
Show me my family!

Marshall turns to Talia. Shrugs.

MARSHALL
Show him his family.

ADAM'S COCKPIT P.O.V. - Talia crosses to the SUV, reaches inside and pulls out

A SHOULDER-MOUNT ROCKET LAUNCHER.

ON TALIA, taking aim at the Whispercraft.

ADAM (OVER)
You bastards.

The Whispercraft lurches up into the air.

TALIA
That's right.

She launches the rocket. It screams out of it's tube and slams the undercarriage of the Whispercraft.

BOOOOM! A series of explosion rock the Whispercraft, and like a wounded duck it slams to the ground.

Marshall and Talia cross to the aircraft, guns drawn, and pull the cockpit door open. But the cockpit is... EMPTY.

The Panel flashes REMOTE LINK OVERRIDE. Marshall and Talia share a look.

INT.WHISPERCRAFT COCKPIT - NIGHT

Adam holds the stick of a DIFFERENT WHISPERCRAFT and stares at a monitor displaying the cockpit view of the other Whispercraft.

ADAM
Terminate remote link.

COMPUTER
Remote link teminated.

The screen goes blank. Outside the cockpit window we see the lights of downtown.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The Double-X II Whispercraft floats through the downtown, descending on REPLACEMENT INDUSTRIES building. It descends and sets down on the building's Whisper-Pad. As Adam hops out, a guard rushes over to him.

GUARD
Hey, this is a private pad. You can't land that here.

Adam flattens him with a punch.

ADAM
Tow me.

Adam heads toward the building's roof entrance.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Talia and Marshall probe the wreckage of the Whispercraft. Marshall's on his cell phone.

MARSHALL
No. It's not here. He was piloting it remote.

INT. DRUCKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Drucker's paces, phone in hand.

DRUCKER
He's playing some kind of angle. Both of you get back here, now.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A roving security guard whistles as he passes by a stairwell door. a moment later the door cracks open. Adam peeks out from behind it. He waits a beat and then slips into the hallway.

We follow him as he slips through the darkness.

Adam slowly pushes open the door to Drucker's office. Through the crack he sees Drucker sitting behind his desk, head cradled in his hands. Adam slips through the door.

INT. DRUCKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Drucker looks up to find Adam holding a gun on him. Drucker smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRUCKER
Adam Gibson. The Adam Gibson?

ADAM
I wish I could say "the one and only."

Drucker allows himself a slight chuckle.

DRUCKER
Looks like we both went back on our word. I admire that.

ADAM
Where's my family?

DRUCKER
Right to business. Another admirable trait.

Drucker plucks a remote from his desk, punches a button. A wall panel slides back revealing a video monitor.

ON SCREEN - Natalie and Clara, blindfolded, guarded by Wiley.

DRUCKER
There they are. All safe and sound.

ADAM
All the money in the world, and you're nothing but a thug.

DRUCKER
Come now, Adam. Empires must be protected. Caesar knew that. Alexander knew that. And sometimes that means people die.

ADAM
What you're doing here is wrong. It's unnatural.

DRUCKER
Is it? The dream's an ancient one... Ponce de León scoured the world in search of the Fountain of Youth. What if he'd found it? Who wouldn't want to drink from that well? What if Einstein had drunk from it? What would the world be like today?

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM
Is it just the Einsteins who get immortality? Is it just the wealthy and powerful?

DRUCKER
Come now Adam. Most people do so little with their lives, it'd be a shame to clutter the planet.

ADAM
And who chooses? You?

DRUCKER
Why not me? I've seen a glorious future where the best minds are never lost. We can guide mankind... create a perfect society.

ADAM
A perfect society where problems are eliminated like you tried to eliminate me?

DRUCKER
I can't allow you to destroy everything I worked for...Give me my syncording.

ADAM
You can have it once they're safe.

DRUCKER
No. I want it now.

ADAM
I give you that tape, I'm signing my death warrant. I'm not stupid.

DRUCKER
Yes. You are.

A pistol presses into the base of Adam's skull. Vincent, grinning ear to ear.

VINCENT
Drop it.

No options... Adam drops the gun.

CONTINUED: (3)

DRUCKER
You didn't think we'd notice a Whispercraft landing on our roof? Please...

DRUCKER
Where's the syncording?

ADAM
I didn't bring it.

DRUCKER
You must think I was born yesterday. Come to think of it, I was...

Drucker steps up and WHAM! Cuffs Adam across the face. Adam lunges at Drucker, but Vincent shoves the gun in his face, stopping him.

Drucker pats Adam down, but finds nothing. Adam looks at him smugly.

ADAM
I knew you'd double cross me, so I gave it to my clone. If anything happens to me or my family, the next time you see your syncording will be at your murder trial.

Drucker a pauses a beat...

DRUCKER
Your clone? Your clone? Adam, Adam, Adam... He's not the clone.

Adam studies Drucker, confused.

DRUCKER
You are.

The words sink in.

DRUCKER
Not that it's a bad thing, mind you. After all, I am a clone myself.

ADAM
You're lying.

Drucker smiles at him, smug.

CONTINUED: (4)

DRUCKER
Am I? Ask yourself, do you remember anything after being scanned by my bodyguard? Do you actually remember changing places with your friend?

That stops Adam. He searches his memory. We can tell by his expression that he doesn't remember...

DRUCKER
The RePet salesman thought it was odd that you came into his store...twice. Asked the same questions...twice.

ON Adam as we...

FLASH CUT TO:

MEMORY HIT. WOODLAND MALL REPET STORE.

Adam is watching the RePet infomercial on a television.

SALESMAN
Still can't make up your mind?

Adam turns and finds a RePet SALESMAN.

SALESMAN
You lost a dog, right?

MEMORY HIT, TOY STORE - Adam holding the Sim-pal...

TOY SALESWOMAN
You know, my niece has two.

FLASH CUT BACK:

REAL TIME. DNA INFUSION LAB.

Adam's mind is reeling. He thinks hard, tries to remember.

DRUCKER
Having any headaches lately? An unfortunate side-effect of the brain download. I've been having them myself. Perhaps a little too much information at once. You'll be happy to know that they eventually go away.

ADAM
It's an old war injury. I've had headaches for years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRUCKER
Oh right. I remember. It was tricky replicating your scar, but I think we did a pretty good job.

Adam knits his brow. His head IS POUNDING NOW.

ADAM
That's impossible.

DRUCKER
All products of my companies are marked with my corporate seal. Even my clones.
(to Vincent)
Show him.

Vincent pulls out a mirror. Opens it. Holds it in front of Adam's face, then lifts his left eyelid.

Adam looks in the mirror, almost not wanting to know...

CLOSE ON ADAM'S EYE

There as plain as day...tattooed on the underside of Adam's eyelid...MADE BY REPLACEMENT INDUSTRIES, USA.

ADAM
NO!

ON ADAM. Reality sets in hard. He knows it's true...ADAM IS THE CLONE AFTER ALL.

VINCENT
Kinda takes the fun outta being alive, doesn't it?

DRUCKER
(to Adam)
So you see? "Your family" isn't really your family. There's no need to protect them anymore.

Adam's mind is numb. His world has just ended.

ADAM
I don't care what you say. I'm Adam Gibson.

DRUCKER
Take him to the lab. Find out what he really knows.

Vincent pulls Adam to his feet.

INT. SIXTH DAY DNA INFUSION LAB - NIGHT

Drucker leads the group into the syncording lab. Vincent throws Adam onto the slab.

DRUCKER
Ironic, isn't it... how our memories betray us. See all these tapes? My clients... They come here wanting longer life, but they leave behind information.... corporate strategies, state secrets, and choice personal tidbits.

ADAM
You won't find it in my head. I told him to hide it so I didn't know where.

DRUCKER
I think you're lying.

As Drucker raises the Syncording Wand, Adam tries to squeeze his eyes closed. But Vincent grabs his face and pulls his eyelids open.

ADAM
No!

VINCENT
Fine... have it your way.

Vincent fires. FOOOSH! The ROUND slams Adam's side. He screams in pain.

VINCENT
Live or dead, it doesn't matter.

Adam looks up in wide-eyed pain. Drucker holds the wand over his eye... FLASH! Adam twitches and slumps to the ground.

DRUCKER
Now that didn't hurt so bad, did it?

Drucker tosses the the syncording to Vincent. And Vincent loads it in the machine.

DRUCKER
Let's see what you've been thinking.

Drucker sets the TIME INDEX minus one hour. Images appear on the screen... fast paced... jumbled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Until we see...

ADAM'S P.O.V. - The CLONE appears on the screen, accompanying him to the whispercraft. (Actually, since we've established that he's not the Clone but the real deal, we'll start calling him Real Adam)

DRUCKER (cont'd)
There. There's the other one.

They let the syncording play.

ADAM (VIDEO V.O)
Keep this and wait here for me.
If you don't hear from me in two hours,
take it to the authorities.

Drucker watches the viewscreen. The Real Adam stares back... as if he's looking at Drucker.

REAL ADAM (VIDEO)
Don't worry... If anything happens to you or my family, I'll destroy the son-of-a-bitch.

ADAM'S P.O.V. pulls away from the Real Adam as he climbs into the Whispercraft.

ADAM
(weak)
You see? It's over.

DRUCKER
For him? Yes. Now that we know where he is... he'll be dead in twenty minutes, all thanks to you. Call Talia and Marshall and have them intercept and kill the real Gibson.

VINCENT
Sure thing.

DRUCKER
Betrayed by your own pathetic mind. Now that's poetic.

Drucker glances back at the video screen. Adam's P.O.V. out the cockpit window. Something grabs Drucker's attention.

DRUCKER (cont'd)
Wait!

CONTINUED: (2)

Drucker goes back to the syncording viewer controls. he shuttles back.

DRUCKER
What the hell...

Now we see what he sees...

ADAM'S P.O.V. looking out the cockpit of the helicopter. But just for a moment... reflected in cockpit glass is Adam's face... and behind him... the face of the other Adam.

DRUCKER
You son-of-a-bitch.

VINCENT
What?

DRUCKER
You set me up. You knew I'd scan your memory.

VINCENT
I don't understand.

DRUCKER
That bit about the syncording... waiting for him? He staged it. So while we were busy chasing down the other Adam...

Drucker puts it together.

DRUCKER
The other Adam will be right under our noses saving his family!

Drucker grabs the intercom. Through the pain Adam spits at Drucker.

ADAM
You're too late, Drucker.

DRUCKER
Wiley...

INT. DARK OFFICE - NIGHT

Drucker's voice resonates throughout the room. Wiley jumps to attention.

CONTINUED:

DRUCKER
It's Gibson. He's...

Just then the ceiling vent blows open and in drops...

THE REAL ADAM...

In a blaze of gunfire. He hits Wiley in the chest, throwing him back against the wall.

WILEY
Shit! Not again.

INT. SIXTH DAY DNA INFUSION LAB - NIGHT

Drucker hears the gunfire over the intercom.

DRUCKER
Call security and meet me on the roof.

VINCENT
What about him?

DRUCKER
Kill 'em.

Drucker takes off. Vincent crosses to the phone.

INT. DARK OFFICE - NIGHT

The Real Adam furiously frees Natalie and Clara, ripping off tape and pulling off blindfolds.

CLARA
Daddy!

Clara throws her arms around Real Adam.

NATALIE
Adam, what's going on?

REAL ADAM
I can't explain now. Just follow me.

NATALIE
This isn't because of the cigar, is it?

REAL ADAM
No honey, this isn't because of the cigar.

CLARA
Dad, I'm scared.

CONTINUED:

REAL ADAM
I know, sugar. But just do what I tell you, okay?

Clara nods and the three of them race down the hallway.

INT. SIXTH DAY SYNCORDING LAB - DAY

Vincent is on the phone to security.

VINCENT
.. Yeah, we have intruders on the upper level. Send a team to the executive office and a team to the roof.

As Vincent talks, behind him we see Adam rising. As Vincent hangs up the phone, Adam swiftly grabs him around the neck and squeezes with his powerful forearm. Vincent grabs at Adam's arm with one hand, the other raising his pistol over his shoulder. FOOSH! FOOOSH! He fires trying to blow Adam's head off... but Adam shifts his head and the rounds just slam into the control panels behind him.

The life is slowly squeezed from Vincent and he slumps over. The two of them collapse to the ground. Adam, weak and hurting, pries the weapon from Vincent's hand.

Adam cradles his wound. He's in major pain. But he slowly manages to pull himself to his feet and stumble towards the door...

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

... and into the corridor. But at the end of the hallway, the elevator doors open. Marshall and Talia emerge. They spot Adam instantly and pull out their guns.

ADAM
Shit.

Adam retreats back into...

INT. SIXTH DAY SYNCORDING LAB - DAY

Nowhere to hide here. Holding his side, he pushes into the...

INT. DRONING LAB - NIGHT

... but he's moving slow. Wincing. Halfway across the lab he glances back to see Marshall and Talia race in.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Real Adam leads Clara and Natalie up the stairs toward the roof.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

As they exit... REAL ADAM shoves them all down.

REAL ADAM
GET DOWN!

FOOOOSH! FOOOOSH! FOOOOSH! Drucker waits for them. Real Adam returns fire, forcing Drucker to duck back behind a wall.

REAL ADAM (cont'd)
Take cover.

Natalie picks up Clara and the three of them run, taking refuge behind the nearby monster AIR CONDITIONER for the building. Unfortunately, its across the way from the Whispercraft.

Drucker has them pinned down.

INT. SIXTH DAY DRONING LAB - DAY

Talia and Marshall look around the droning lab.

MARSHALL
Where the hell did he go?

They move slowly, their guns drawn. then...

Talia holds her finger to her lips...shhhh. She points to the...

EMBRYONIC TANK. We now notice that the thickish fluid is slightly RIPPLING.

INT. EMBRYONIC TANK - DAY

Adam is SUBMERGED in here, holding his breath, floating among the BLANKS. Very spooky...

OUTSIDE THE TANK

Marshall trains his gun on the tank. Talia scales the scaffolding.

IN THE TANK

The blanks look as if they're sleeping peacefully in suspended animation. One blank floats near Adam's face. Adam strains to remain motionless, but his lungs are about to burst...

ON THE CATWALK

Gurgling, eerie noises. Talia moves above the tanks through the maze of twisting umbilicals. She slips on some acceleration fluid. She catches herself, but her gun CLATTERS against the catwalk railing.

IN THE TANK

The NOISE awakens the BLANK. Its soulless EYES POP OPEN and its arms tighten around Adam in an unconscious reflex. Boo!

Adam SCREAMS underwater...

ON THE CATWALK

Talia spots the bubbles and whips her gun to them...

IN THE TANK

Lungs on fire, Adam looks up, sees he's been spotted, and does the only thing he can...He SHOOTS OUT THE TANK FROM THE INSIDE. FOOOSH! FOOOSH!

OUTSIDE THE TANK

The alloyglass EXPLODES and BLANK BODIES and fluid GUSH out and sweep away Marshall in a horrific torrent.

ADAM rides the current across the floor, his lungs gasping for air.

From the catwalk, Talia spits GUNFIRE after Adam, taking out several embryo-skinned BLANKS.

ADAM slides across the floor on his back, returning fire.

A ROUND takes out Talia's kneecap. She SCREAMS, loses her balance, and stumbles off the catwalk...

As she falls, her neck catches a series of electric cables. Her free-fall is halted abruptly as the cables pulls taught. CRACK! Her neck snaps. Her feet dangle, lifeless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Put the sudden tug on the cables releases a firework of sparks which shower down on the acceleration fluid...

IGNITING IT!

Slimy, squirming BLANKS sprawl on top of Marshall, he pushes them off in time to see a wall of fire envelope him.

The fire races across the room, as wounded, tired, injured Adam desperately tries to stay one step ahead of it. The fire's almost on him as he reaches the door, and dives out.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Adam looks back into the room. The whole thing is in flames. He looks at all the other tanks of Acceleration fluid. It's only a matter of time before they blow.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

As Real Adam surveys the situation THE ELEVATOR DOORS DING... Two armed security guards exit. Real Adam shakes his head and looks to the Whispercraft beyond them.

CLARA
Mom, are we gonna die?

NATALIE
Not if Daddy can help it.
(to Real Adam)
Adam, are we gonna die?

Just then Adam emerges onto the roof behind Drucker.

ADAM
Drucker!

Adam opens fire on Drucker and the Guards, sending them scrambling for better cover. Their new positions leave open a clear path to the Whispercraft for Real Adam.

ADAM
(to Real Adam)
Get to the ship!

Natalie sees Adam and her jaw drops.

NATALIE
What the hell's going on! Who is he?

Real Adam grabs the girls...

CONTINUED:

REAL ADAM
Let's go!

And the three of them race toward the Whispercraft as Adam keeps up his barrage.

The Guard and Drucker return fire, pushing Adam back behind some generators.

Real Adam, Natalie, and Clara reach the Whispercraft. Real Adam looks back at Adam.

ADAM
Go! Get out of here!

Real Adam swallows hard, and pushes his family into the Whispercraft and closes the door behind him.

Drucker and his men race over to the Whispercraft, guns blazing. But the Whispercraft springs to life and lifts up into the air.

INT. WHISPERCRAFT COCKPIT - NIGHT

Real Adam pilots the craft up and away as Natalie looks down at Adam, trapped on the roof.

NATALIE
I'm delirious, right. Please tell me I'm hallucinating.

REAL ADAM
You're not. One of us is a Clone.

NATALIE
Which one?

REAL ADAM
I don't know.

NATALIE
You can't just leave him there.

REAL ADAM
If I get too close, they'll shoot us down.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

The Whispercraft away, Drucker and his men turn their attention to Adam, still pinned down. They come at him with everything they've got. Adam returns fire until his gun no longer has power.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at the forces closing in on him... looks to the edge of the roof...

And... a strange look crosses his face.

He runs for all he's worth. Rounds strafe the ground behind him as races across the roof.

DRUCKER
Where the fuck is he going?

Adam doesn't let up as he comes to edge of the building. It's obvious that he's going to...

JUMP!

He leaps off the edge of the building, his arms and legs scrambling in space. The darkness underneath him gives way to the metallic sheen of

A RISING WHISPERCRAFT. He lands atop its carriage. Surprised as shit. But he doesn't land square and begins to slide off its curved edge.

Just then a hatch pops open and the Real Adam emerges, grabbing Adam's arm and pulling him to safety.

ADAM
How did you know I'd jump?

REAL ADAM
How did you know I'd be here?

The two Adam's smile at each other.

ADAM
I guess what they say is true. Great minds think alike.

FOOOSH! FOOOSH! The two Adam's look to see Drucker peering down at them. As they scramble inside, Drucker disappears back behind the edge of the building.

But as the Whispercraft rises up the side of the building, we see Drucker re-emerge with a rocket launcher.

He takes aim down the scope and tries to get a lock.

INT. SIXTH DAY DRONING LAB - NIGHT

The fire continues to rage out of control. The glass of the other embryonic tanks cracks from the superheat.

CONTINUED:

A beat and...

BOOOOOOM!

EXT. REPLACEMENT INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

The Eleventh Floor EXPLODES... sending a fireball in all directions.

ON THE ROOF -

The building shudders and Drucker pulls his eye away from the viewscope just in time to be consumed by the rising fireball as the top of the building blows apart in a series of SPECTACULAR EXPLOSIONS.

INT. WHISPERCRAFT COCKPIT - NIGHT

Lit by the glowing light of the fire, Real Adam helps wounded Adam into his seat. He checks Adam's wound...

REAL ADAM
How bad is it?

ADAM
I'll live.

Natalie looks over the bruised and battered version of her husband. Searching his eyes.

NATALIE
Adam?

A long beat. Adam shakes his head. No.

ADAM
I'm a clone. I know that now.

Clara looks back and forth to the two Adams. Clara looks up to her Mom.

CLARA
Mommy, can we keep them both?

Adam smiles up at her and shakes his head.

ADAM
It wouldn't be right.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The whispercraft climbs high into the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HANK'S CONDO - DAY

Everything has been packed up and moved out except for one box of odds and ends. Adam looks around one last time, then picks up the box.

A faint meowing catches his attention. He turns and sees... SADIE-THE-REPET outside the window on the fire escape.

Adam sets down the box and opens the window.

ADAM
Sadie. What're you doing? It's dangerous out there. Haven't you learned anything?

He grabs her and pulls her inside. He then picks up the box again and opens the door.

Hank's VIRTUAL GIRLFRIEND flickers on.

VIRTUAL GIRLFRIEND
Good-bye, Adam. Remember, if you see Hank, tell him he can come back anytime. No questions asked.

ADAM
He's not...

He considers telling her, but she looks so...vulnerable.

ADAM
Wherever Hank is, I'm sure he's thinking about you.

VIRTUAL GIRLFRIEND
I miss him.

ADAM
So do I.

INT. GIBSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Clara plays with Oliver while Natalie watches the news.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

NEWSCASTER
Death, destruction, deceit. The multinational Replacement Corporation headed by Michael Drucker came crashing to Earth last night when an explosion rocked his Corporate headquarters...

BACK TO SCENE

The front door opens, and Adam emerges carrying Sadie. Clara sees the cat and jumps up, excited.

CLARA
A cat!

Adam gives Sadie to Clara. Natalie looks to her husband.

NATALIE
I thought Hank's cat was a --

ADAM
-- She is.

NATALIE
But you hate RePets.

ADAM
I changed my mind.

Clara pets and hugs Sadie.

CLARA
Can we keep her?

ADAM
Of course.

Clara gives Adam a big hug. He savors it. Clara finally breaks away and runs off with her new cat. Oliver, barking, chases after them.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Hundreds of TRAVELERS move this way and that. As we watch them, we hear Adam talking...

CONTINUED:

ADAM IN BLUE (O.S.)
I wonder, am I really human? Do I have a soul? God didn't make me. A corporation did.

ADAM IN WHITE (O.S.)
I don't remember being so philosophical.

ADAM IN BLUE (O.S.)
You're not me.

We pull back and realize the two Adams are here, waiting at the gate. One is wearing the blue shirt, the other wearing a white shirt.

Nearby, a LITTLE GIRL spots them and tugs on her MOTHER'S arm, pointing...

LITTLE GIRL
Look mama, twins!

Travelers move past the two Adams, unfazed.

ADAM IN BLUE
Thanks for letting me say "good-bye."

We now realize that the Adam in Blue is the clone Adam. The Adam in white nods solemnly, then...

ADAM IN WHITE
Listen. I figured if I were you...well, here...

The Adam in white takes a PHOTO out of his wallet and hands it to the Adam in blue. The Adam in blue regards it.

It's a snapshot of the GIBSON FAMILY on the tropical beach. All happy smiles.

The Adam in blue hands the photo back.

ADAM IN BLUE
That's yours.

The Adam in white looks at him, surprised.

ADAM IN BLUE (CONT'D)
Time to make my own memories.

The Adam in blue picks up his bag.

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM IN WHITE
You know maybe we aren't born with souls. Maybe we have to earn them.

The Adam in blue considers that, then starts down the long airport corridor leading to the gates. He then remembers something and turns...

ADAM IN BLUE
Oh yeah. Here --

He tosses the Adam in white his bottle of aspirin.

ADAM IN BLUE (CONT'D)
My headaches are gone.

The Adam in in white catches the bottle and smiles.

The Adam in blue turns and heads to his gate, joining hundred of other TRAVELERS, and eventually getting lost in the crowd as we...

FADE OUT.

THE END.